The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

IN 1842 THE London *Illustrated Daily News* printed the following: "A pigeon has been known to fly 190 miles in five and one-half hours—a speed that no human being could ever attain."

AMERICA IS THE only country to standardize color for industrial purposes, 1,410 textile and allied concerns agreeing each season upon the same color card.

ALIENS COMPRISE 23 per cent of the prison population of New York State, costing the taxpayers $7,000,000 a year. Of the criminally insane 35 per cent are aliens.

BOULOGNE, FRANCE, is going to buy back its massive oaken gates, seized by the English in 1514, and now reposing at Hardres Court near Canterbury.

THE MOST DANGEROUS age of public playground users is five years.

IT TAKES TWENTY minutes to affix Georgia's great seal to a document, because of the complicated process of 1799 still in use, requiring a dye, gilt paper, wax wafers, paper wafers, and ribbons.

A FLOWER EXCHANGE column is conducted by a Southern newspaper, whereby those who grow geraniums, larkspurs, or iris in their gardens may exchange the blossoms w th those who grow snapdragons, clematis, cannas, and the like.

KOREAN coolies have the habit of sleeping on railroad ties during hot summer nights.

STUDENTS IN American schools, from kindergarten to college, total 25,000,000.

THE FIRST BRITISH rubber plantations were started in Ceylon about thirty years ago. Seed for the trees were smuggled from Brazil by an Englishman.

SKILLED TOREADORS are becoming scarce in Spain, where the bullfight is beginning to lose its popularity.

BEAUTY SURGERY was practiced by the ancient Greeks, and the Romans straightened noses and flattened projecting ears.

THE UNITED STATES and Brazil are the only nations in the world that confer the ownership of mineral rights with general land ownership.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, are cut to shreds by ragged clamshells, which are carried high aloft by gulls and then dropped to concrete roads. The gulls use this method to extract the clams.

RECENT TESTS SHOW that the bee is color-blind to red shades and has to rely upon its sense of smell in detecting flowers of that color.

MASSACHUSETTS has not built a prison cell in more than 20 years and many such cells are now vacant. Jails of several large cities have been closed.

LIZARD FARMING forms a new occupation in England, to supply the demand for lizard-leather shoes and hand bags.

THE TIN DEPOSITS of Banka, Dutch East Indies, once among the richest of the world, are becoming exhausted and dredges are mining the submarine extensions of the ore beds off the mainland.

THE FIRST OPERA, *Dafney*, was composed by Perri in 1549. The first opera house was opened in Venice in 1637.

A CUBIC FOOT of platinum weighs more than one thousand pounds. It was once so cheap that swindlers substituted it for gold.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND gallons of water is used to manufacture a ton of paper.

CERTAIN RESTAURANTS in Lisbon, Portugal, chain the knives and forks to the tables.

TWO-THIRDS OF the 4,267 centenarians in the United States are Negroes.

AN ABANDONED, CIRCULAR, earthen water reservoir at Jacksonville, Illinois, has been converted into an open-air theater, said to have wonderful acoustic qualities.

THE GREEK, Pythias, is believed to have been the first traveler of history to approach the Arctic Circle and reach the Land of the Midnight Sun. He made a voyage of discovery in 32 B. C.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS congregate upon telephone wires in Mexico, causing much trouble for the companies.

BACTERIA HAVE been found in oil wells one thousand feet deep.

LONDON SUBWAY CARS fit the tunnels so closely that they force out stagnant air by their piston-like action.

NEWSPAPER WANT ADS, by their volume, form a barometer of business activity, according to a Harvard economics professor.

A TAX OF five per cent on every meal costing more than one dollar is planned by the Quebec provincial government.

A PHILADELPHIA BAPTIST church, needing a pastor, advertised. Fifty applications were received.

THE IMPORTATION of snails from France to the United States increased from ten tons in 1923 to 240 tons in 1925

WHEN A PARTY drives past a rural Swedish school at recess time, the youngsters come to attention, bring their wooden shoes together with a clatter, bow and doff their hats.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, author of best sellers from *If Winter Comes* to *One Increasing Purpose*, is married at the age of 47 to a girl of 22.

IN ITS FORTY years before the public, *Ben Hur* has earned—as book, play, and movie—more than $20,000,000. It was written by General Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, Indiana.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL Theater at Stratford-on-Avon has burned. Shakespeareans now hope that a beautiful structure will replace the ugly brick edifice that stood so long as a monument to lack of imagination.

A PHILADELPHIA BANK recently was quoted to the effect that in that city 85 to 90 per cent of all furniture, 80 per cent of all phonographs, 75 per cent of all automobiles and washing machines, 65 per cent of all vacuum cleaners, 40 per cent of all pianos, 25 per cent of all jewelry and 13 per cent of all radio sets are sold on the installment plan.

THE AMERICAN SHOE industry makes little more than half the quantity it is equipped to produce.

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THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses that imaginative thing known as the "saturation point."

Relatives have relatives! Advocates of the Perlman bill, which would throw open the gates of this country to the relatives of immigrants regardless of quota restrictions, insist that it would admit only a very few. But—*these relatives have relatives of their own, who in turn would be eligible for admission!* Remember that fact—and others contained in this article—next time you encounter pro-alien propaganda. (p. 3)

From aliens let's turn to Americans. The story of America can be traced in its cities: in Boston, where Bunker Hill stands as a monument to the forefathers; in Philadelphia, with its quaint Quaker traditions; in Richmond—where you will still find the heart of the Old South. A charming tale of a charming city. (p. 2)

And while we are considering aliens and Americans, compare the licentious plays imported for the delectation of New York's foreign-born, with the home-talent ones produced in "opery houses" and village halls a generation ago. Perhaps it was not great art, but surely it was rare entertainment. This story will bring back memories to you. (p. 8)

If you want to steal apples, don't take rotten ones from the ground. *That's a felony.* Take nice ripe ones from the tree. *That's only a misdemeanor;* and neither the farmer nor the policeman can arrest you without first procuring a warrant. This illustrates some of the peculiarities of our laws. Professor Waite of the University of Michigan reveals the stupidity of the statutes governing trespass. (p. 24)

Friends may die, or move to distant parts, but good books are constant companions. And no work can so fill a man's life that he cannot find time for some outside interest. A college education does not insure success; but it does provide a basis for culture—which the student himself must carry on. Allan Benson makes some interesting observations. (p. 16)

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

"And you, beloved, are a nut." Thus sang Anna Knish, and the intelligentsia hailed the words as the dawn of new and beautiful poetry. But night came instanter. The author disclosed that the poems, far from possessing a mystical, hidden meaning, actually comprised a ribald hoax on the pseudo-literary. The article is the first of three by Charles J. Finger. (p. 12)

Keep sane. We've often heard that admonition; but how should we go about it? The world today lives under peculiar conditions. In many ways they are the most favorable ever known, but in some respects they are dangerous. We all work under pressure, but we need not break under the strain. Dr. Laird tells us how and why. (p. 5)

There is a name known to every American child—Paul Revere, whose famed ride to warn "every Middlesex village and farm" is classic in the annals of the Republic. Most of us learned the story of the ride from Longfellow's poem. Here is Paul Revere's own account of it in his own words. (p. 19)

A strong, white light seems to be shining upon the Administration. Reports from two ambassadors are not only illuminating—but devastating to the hopes of those who would embroil this nation in the great European muddle. President Coolidge now has the facts; the question is: what will he do? The editorial—"A Sudden Squall"—will interest you. (p. 10)

When did man first appear on earth? No one knows. One guess probably is as good as the next. Discoveries are made. Theories are formed. And then everything is toppled over by new discoveries. In an Arizona cañon is a pictograph of a dinosaur. Scientists believe that dinosaurs vanished before the first man came, yet this was drawn by human hands. Who put it there? (p. 14)

Are you planning to set out new trees in your yard this year? Read this article about a type of elm recently evolved. You will find in it valuable advice, which may aid you in making your selections. (p. 31)

When Woodrow Wilson was convinced that a thing was right, he battled for it with all his strength, regardless of consequences. Here is an interesting side light on how he came to enter politics—because of a sacrifice to an ideal at Princeton. "They kicked me out," he said; but they really kicked him into the Presidency. (p. 7)

Resentment is voiced by many laundrymen at the "Office Chat" in our March 6 issue, wherein *The Man from New York* decried the destructive tendencies of modern laundries. Some even intimated the interview was fictitious. The fact is that the caller was so prominent that were his name mentioned it would be readily recognized on two continents. The public in every part of the country is complaining about the way clothing is affected by the cleansing process. If the laundry business would heed these plaints instead of resenting them, it would do itself real service.

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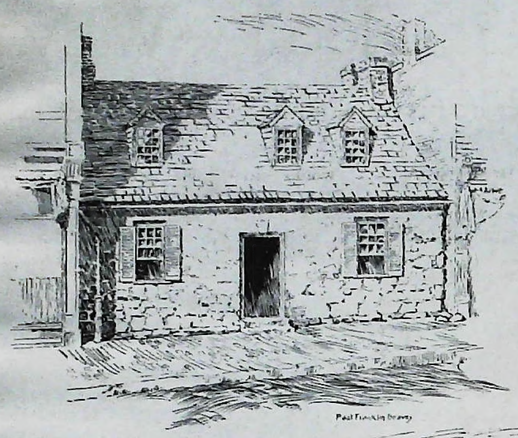
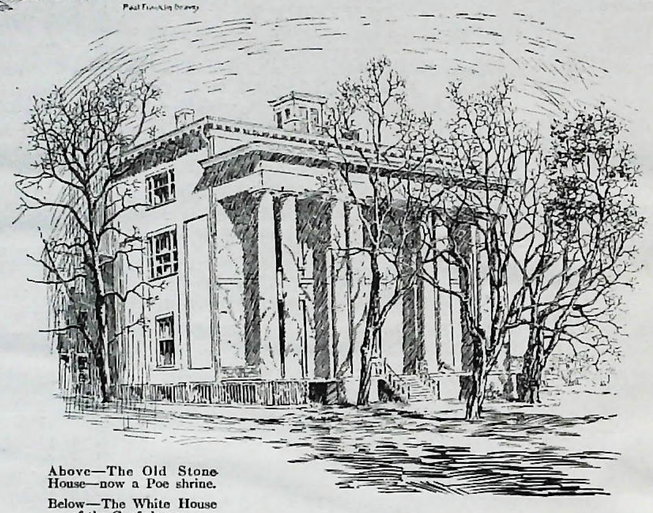


Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance

Not Quite So Lively as of Yore, But Its Rare Old Traditions Are Still Undimmed

DRAWINGS BY PAUL FRANKLIN SEAVEY

By MAY B. WHITING



Above—The Old Stone House—now a Poe shrine.

Below—The White House of the Confederacy.

RICHMOND, like Rome, is built on seven hills. In true classic style its capitol crowns one of them, and from all sides the streets come climbing sedately up to it. And what pageantry they have witnessed, the streets of Richmond! First they were only red clay gullies with Colonel William Byrd II, the "Black Swan of Virginia," riding gaily through them, building, as he says, "not castles only, but cities in the air." Then there were long trains of pack horses laden with furs coming down from the hills, and canvas-covered wagons moored near the market and tavern, like ships about a wharf.

After nearly fifty years comes Benedict Arnold and his Queen's Rangers, harrying the town and pouring wine into the streets so that men and hogs walk strangely in the mire. Then Lafayette to the rescue, himself retreating before Cornwallis and making a road into the wilderness known today as the "Marquis's Road." But how gay the city was that Christmas with news of the surrender at Yorktown! There were candles in the windows and fireworks in the streets as there are today at Christmas time, and a Peace Ball with the queen chosen by lot, so that a shoemaker's daughter led off the dance, followed by ladies in taffeta and gentlemen in silken "smallclothes" and bag wigs.

There were bits of sinister pageantry, too, amid the gayer. Once there rode through the streets three mysterious figures in purple coats and hoods, a rope around their necks, and each one seated on a narrow box that was to be his coffin. They were Spanish pirates riding to the gallows, and on the hills of Richmond a goodly throng enjoyed the spectacle. In the sad sixties the flower of the South, the Confederate Army, marched proudly through the streets amid the rebel yell, "ahwee." Then a besieged Richmond, the entrance of the Federals amid blazing warehouses and homes, a broken city that would need years of slow rebuilding.

And all that colorful life centered about the square and the capitol, designed by Jefferson, who, while abroad, fell in love with Grecian architecture. He sent over the French sculptor, Houdon, who worked at Mount Vernon, modeling from life the statue of Washington that adorns the rotunda. In the grounds is another statue of the general seated on his horse and surrounded by six of his friends. Some of these history has almost forgotten, as Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia, who, when the Continental Congress was bankrupt, raised $2,000,000 on his own estate for the army, and never received a penny in recompense. At Yorktown he trained the cannon on his own home and demolished it because it was thought to be the headquarters of Cornwallis.

In 1807 Aaron Burr, one time Vice-President of the United States, was tried for treason in the capitol at Richmond. Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, was thought to have a leaning toward the prisoner, while President Jefferson detested him. Day after day Burr appeared, beautifully attired in black silk, his hair powdered and brushed back from a countenance pale and immobile, except for dark, burning eyes. With him was his beloved daughter, Theodosia. When out on bail, the prisoners were entertained in many Richmond homes, Chief Justice Marshall so far forgetting his dignity at one time as to dine with them. After nearly three months the jury found Burr not guilty according to the evidence before them. His counsel strove for a verdict of simply "not guilty," but they refused and Burr was sent back to Ohio for a trial which never came up.

In St. John's, a little white church on one of Richmond's hills, an earlier and more momentous drama was enacted. In order to get away from Lord Dunmore, who was governor in Williamsburg, the convention of patriots assembled in the town by the falls of James River. Washington was there, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, who sat in a pew by the east door, now marked by a bronze plate. Early in the convention he shocked the more conservative by proposing that Virginia raise an armed force. For three days the motion was debated, then, "with unearthly fire burning in his eye," he arose and made the famous speech, closing with, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

"Infamously (Concluded on page 30)

Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?

Relatives Have Relatives—and the Perlman Bill Would Admit Them All

By KENNETH WATSON

AN "ENDLESS CHAIN" of aliens, or "relatives," increasing immeasurably each year would be admitted to this country regardless of quota restrictions if the Perlman bill—sponsored by Representative Nathan Perlman, native of the ghetto, vigorously advocated by the American Jewish Congress and allied organizations—should be passed by Congress!

Its effect would be to nullify the immigration law of 1924, which limits the number of aliens admissible in any one year. Contrary to the assertion of supporters of the measure that it would mean an annual additional entry of only 40,000 to 50,000, opponents have demonstrated that 622,000 could swarm to America immediately; and that this number would eventually *increase* rather than *decrease*.

Under the present law *citizens* may bring in their wives, and children under 18 years of age, *outside of quota provisions*. The Perlman bill would not only extend this privilege to the fathers and mothers of citizens and increase the age limit of children to 21 years, but it would grant it to *alien residents* who declared their intention of becoming citizens prior to July 1, 1924.

This means that as soon as aliens now coming in become naturalized, they in turn could bring in their fathers, mothers, wives and children *outside of quota regulations*—an incalculable swarm! This was forcibly demonstrated in the testimony before the House Immigration Committee of Coert du Bois, chief of the visé division of the State Department.

Du Bois showed that if the Perlman bill is passed that Poland alone will furnish as many aliens as supporters of the measure claim would come into the United States from all Europe. He said:

"I made something of a study of Poland to see what would happen. The present Polish quota is 5,982, with a demand against it of 75,000, as we know. Now, under the Perlman bill the 3,000 preference relatives would be non-quota and would come forward at once. In addition, there would come forward at once about 33,500 relatives of aliens, making a total of 36,500 Polish-born persons that would come into the country immediately or as soon as the visés could be ground out. In the year 1926-27, you would still have the quota of 5,982. Under the preference provision of the Perlman bill the entire number would be relatives of aliens, so we would have 5,982 relatives of aliens coming in under the quota, or a total of 42,048 of Polish birth."

"All the 42,000 upon arrival in the United States would be entitled to the certain privileges for *their* relatives still in Poland under the Perlman bill," Du Bois stated. (Relatives all have relatives, too).

"In other words, the 42,000 would be the beginning of an endless chain?" Representative Bacon asked.

"Yes, sir," Du Bois replied.

"It would accumulate like a snowball rolling down the hill?" again queried Bacon. "Yes, sir."

Another weak link in the arguments advanced by interests trying to batter down the present restrictive law is that their charges that Congress is acting as a "divorce court" and separating families of aliens is unjustified. This was asserted most strenuously by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise in his testimony before the committee.

"*As a matter of fact, members of aliens' families are not absolutely barred today. They are simply deterred by the quota restriction. Some are entering every day. Some will reach here next month; some next year.*" Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, chair-

man of the committee declared recently on the House floor.

Johnson then proceeded to show that there is nothing in our law which prevents an alien from uniting his family in some other country.

"If an alien wants to unite with his family, there is nothing to prevent such union in the country from which he came. No alien comes here except by his own initiative. Our government does not separate any alien from his family," he said.

He pointed out that the initial arrival of an alien in the United States and his first separation from his family is purely voluntary and in most cases with a full knowledge on his part of the difficulties he may face later in getting them into the country.

"It follows that we are under no obligation to conform our governmental policies to his desires or alter our statutes to suit his conveniences," Johnson declared.

This point was illustrated in a simple, but strikingly forceful manner by Representative William P. Holaday, of Illinois, another member of the Immigration Committee.

"Suppose during a big league baseball game a man arrives with his wife and is informed by the ticket seller that there is just one more seat unsold. Under this circumstance the man either has the option of departing with his wife, allowing her to see the game alone, or going in himself. If he decides on the latter and then the minute he gets inside the gate sets up a complaint that the ball park is separating himself from his wife, whose fault is it? That's exactly the situation that is presented in many of the most strenuous complaints now being made that our laws are inhuman," Holaday informed the writer.

When Rabbi Wise appeared before the committee recently he advanced the claim that the Perlman bill would not be opposed by organized labor.

"The thing that interests me," he said, "is that at this time, there is no opposition, in truth, there can be no hostility, explicit or implicit, upon the part of the forces of organized labor in America. There can be no hostility because the proposed amendments to the bill, after all involve no possibility of the introduction of any competitive industrial force in the American life, and, without having the right to speak for labor, I think you will find upon investigation, that organized labor will not lift its voice, in truth, morally, it cannot, against the provision."

A few days later the Rabbi's testimony was contradicted most emphatically by Edgar Wallace, who appeared before the committee to speak for the American Federation of Labor. Although Wallace's purpose before the committee was to discuss another phase of the immigration problems, the Mexican situation, he also took occasion to voice vigorous opposition to the Perlman bill.

One of the interesting recent developments in the discussion on the Perlman bill has been the position taken by Representative Meyer Jacobstein, of Rochester, New York, himself author of a bill to modify the existing law. Although his own measure is far less extensive than the Perlman bill, Jacobstein startled the Jewish lobbyists by declaring that he had come to the conclusion that even his bill would be too drastic in its application.

These are some of the relatives. And they have still more relatives. And all the other relatives have relatives. Relationship is an endless chain. The United States did not separate this family from its head. He came, knowing the law. His family can come, too, in their quota turn. To charge the quota law with separating families who knowingly separate themselves is to slander the humanity of the United States. Challenge that false propaganda wherever you meet it.

"Suppose that Mr. Sabath, Mr. Dickstein and Mr. Perlman (all authors of immigration-tampering proposals) could show that the number that would come in under their bills would be very small," he declared. "There would be no argument—you probably would let them in. So I immediately began to make an investigation of the facts, regardless of where the facts were going to lead me. Gentlemen: I will say very frankly that the facts ran counter to one part of my own bill. I am frank to admit that if I had had all the facts before me when I introduced the bill, I would have altered my bill a little bit."

The dangers of the bill sponsored by beet sugar interests for allowing Mexican peons to enter, virtually without restriction, were emphasized by Mr. Wallace of the American Federation of Labor in his testimony before the committee.

"I do not think we can afford to have a sort of contract-labor, a sort of peon labor in this country," he declared.

Wallace predicted that as soon as the beet sugar interests learn they cannot continue to obtain huge numbers of Mexican peons, that they will perfect mechanical methods for lessening the labor obligation required in beet production.

"They will find a method. I do not see any reason why there should not be some method of cultivating sugar beets, except to have little children crawling on their stomachs. In this migration that is asked for here the main desire is to get the wife and the little children. You can tell me that these children go to school, but I have seen them on their stomachs in the beet fields, picking weeds or thinning out," Wallace testified.

Far larger than the economic problem involved in continued introduction of hordes of Mexican peons into the United States, looms the social problem that such a situation presents. For it is well established that the Mexican race does not easily assimilate with our nationalities, and even some of the strongest proponents of the attempts to modify the Mexican restrictions admit the enormity of this problem.

When other witnesses attempted to minimize the problem and stated that a few thousand Mexican laborers could not possibly affect the United States, Representative Johnson showed the ignorance of their positions.

"This committee knows from its studies that the largest number of black people ever brought in during any one year was less than 8,000. Who would have thought at that time that a great race problem would have come, leading to a great war, from the introduction of those few blacks?" Johnson said.

He predicted that one of the imminent dangers, unless Congress legislates most wisely on all immigration problems, is the development of *a peasant type of agricultural laborer.*

"I will add to what I have said that I am in mortal fear that the United States will come all too soon to tenant farming and a peasantry of its own. I see that coming on, and as I think of it I realize that the nation, because it is a new country with an enormous population, cannot hope to escape the farm situations of the older countries."

Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane

Not Heredity, But Ways of Thinking and Living Cause Mental Breakdowns

A FEW days ago a student came to me, glanced around the laboratory, and asked if anyone could hear us.

"Doc, I'm worried. A cousin of mine, school-teacher at Evanston, has been acting funny for some time. Saw her last summer and was struck by her queerness.

"Now," he continued with effort, "they've had to take her to a private sanitarium and they don't know if she will recover. For a while she is very happy and excited, then she gradually becomes glum and gloomy and will sit around weeping for a week."

It appeared to be a case of what is known as manic-depressive mental disorder.

"About one-fourth of people who have mental disorder recover," I said laconically, trying to encourage him.

"But think of the family, even if she is one of the fortunate fourth," he countered.

"You mean—"

"If this thing is in the family any of us might have a breakdown like that."

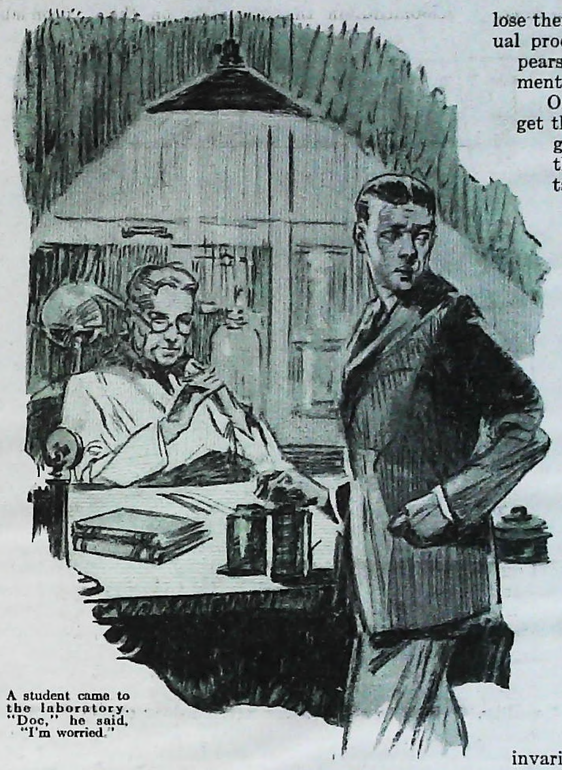
He voiced a very common opinion, one that causes much mental anguish, and one for which there is but scant, if any, foundation.

From the bookshelf just back of my chair I took Dr. Myerson's new book on the inheritance of mental diseases. I told the student how Dr. Myerson had found little basis for the belief that mental disorder was inherited. It may run in families, but for reasons other than "bad blood."

"Your cousin who is mentally ill may have a bad effect on the family," I said, "if the family worries about heredity. It is the worry, not the heredity that is bad.

"Feeble-mindedness does run in families. But your cousin was not feeble-minded for she was a school-teacher. You are not feeble-minded because you read magazines and newspapers readily.

"There is nothing especially unusual about your cousin," I continued. "Last year there were almost as many persons admitted to mental hospitals as there are in the Silver State of Nevada; more than there are in the great steel city of Gary.



A student came to the laboratory. "Doc," he said, "I'm worried."

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

"It is not heredity, but ways of thinking and ways of living that caused most of these mental breakdowns. Your cousin probably was not bothered by her way of living."

He nodded assent.

"In her ways of thinking?"

"She always was prudish, but that was her parents' fault. They would not let her go with fellows when she was in college and had her upset most of the time about the sins of the world," he said. "They let her have no close friends. If she was not home from her teaching by four o'clock her mother went after her. Her mother went with her whenever she had to be out evenings."

"Now does that sound like bad heredity or a foolish mother?" I asked.

"I think I'd go off the handle myself if I had to live like that," was his reply.

And I agreed with him inwardly.

This girl of 28 had not suddenly "lost her mind." For years she had been slipping. People do not suddenly lose their mental control. It is a gradual process and in many cases it appears possible to check the development before it has gone too far.

One is not born that way, they get that way. There are two dozen good rules to prevent getting that way which I use in my mental hygiene work with students, a surprising number of whom seem to be well along toward getting that way.

These rules are:

1. Avoid alcohol to any excess. About 5 per cent of mental disorder is due directly to alcoholic excesses. Women are not afflicted with alcoholic psychoses—as breakdowns due to this cause are called—as frequently as are men, but they do occur with regretful commonness among women who appear to be as susceptible to the disastrous influences as are men.

2. Avoid social disease. One out of every ten mental patients is taken to wards with paresis, which is caused solely by social disease. Five years ago this form of mental disorder was considered incurable, and after a few years with the disorder death invariably followed. Advance in treatment during the last few years, however, is bringing about wonderful cures.

Not all mental disorders can be so remarkably relieved, however. The ounce of prevention by right thinking and right living still beats a ton of cure in most cases.

3. Keep physically fit. At the Trenton, New Jersey, State Hospital Dr. Cotton is bringing about what appear to be phenomenal recoveries by removing points of infection in the body. A good rule is to have a complete medical examination on every birthday, including X-ray examination for hidden infections. Exercise of a vigorous kind out in the open should be taken every day. If you were to visit a mental hospital you would find the patients taken outdoors for a walk two hours each forenoon and again two hours each afternoon. At the Chicago State Hospital you would find a gymnasium instructor prescribing exercises for patients.

4. Avoid hunting for reasons to justify everything you do. Most of the activities of daily life are so unimportant that it does not matter whether you wear this necktie or that one. Still there are many people who spend a

Have hobbies which do something, not merely think something.

long time deciding which tie to wear, which thing to do first, whether to start a letter "Dear Sirs" or "Gentlemen."

Accept your decisions without quibbling, and do not bore others or handicap yourself by continually explaining just *why* you did just *what* you did.

5. Mingle freely with others. Do not be socially backward. Do not be a recluse who lives in a world of fancy rather than in the world of reality. Avoid even a tendency in this direction. Take in some social gathering at least once a week. Drop in some evening and visit neighbors. Be a social being and you'll be a healthier person mentally.

6. Do not be afraid to express your emotions. Let your feelings of joy, admiration, dislike, and enthusiasm be known. If you do not feel these, you'll be surprised to find how soon they can be acquired if you merely pretend a little admiration and enthusiasm. Is there some national figure for whom you show admiretion? Some civic activity in your community about which you are enthusiastic? By all means find some if you do not have them now.

7. Keep your stronger emotions under control. Anger, hatred, and sex cannot be entirely crowded out of one's mental life, but they should be guided as a spirited horse. You do not try to keep the horse motionless, but rather to guide him with a tight rein. So with these more spirited emotions. Accept these emotions as natural, but always try to control and guide them.

8. Recognize that work under pressure and hurry is not necessary in modern life. Have you really tried to be easy-going for an hour or two each day?

9. Learn how to relax and rest, both mentally and physically. The farmer's horse relaxes during the work whenever his master releases the reins. Many moderns do not have this horse sense.

10. Do not work by fits and starts. Do not alternate extreme work with rest. Work steadily and consistently, and work becomes easier.

11. Play as well as work. But keep the two separate. Do you know how to enjoy a concert, outdoor exercise, reading, the theater? Each day you should have several hours' diversion of one of these, diversion different from the work of the day.

12. Realize that you are not an exception. Others have the same trials, the same human weaknesses, the same failures. You are not the most unlucky person, your problems are not different from anyone else's. This does not imply to give up, but rather to recognize that after all there is nothing unusual about it, or about yourself for that matter.

13. Have some close friends. Marriage seems to be the only way some can gain a close friend, and from this does marriage win the special support of the mental hygienist. Friendship, however, requires both give and take; it demands personal sacrifices at times.

14. Talk over your troubles. You have many little irritations which do not merit the dignity of "trouble." But when troubles arise take them to your friend, your family, or your priest and talk them over. Don't try to forget them, don't shirk them, don't spend useless worry over them: talk them over with someone.

15. Avoid keeping things to yourself. The secretive person gets nowhere, and his secretiveness may help get him into the mental hospital.

16. The gossip who tells all he knows—and some that he does not know—is as harmful to himself as his opposite, the secretive person. There is a balance which we can all achieve.

17. Do nothing which you may later regret and worry over. The easiest way to choke off worry is at its source.

18. Don't be a prude. And at the same time do not be a rake. Acknowledge the biological necessity and imperativeness of sex.

19. Don't have a hypersensitive conscience. Do not make a moral mountain out of the molehills of everyday conduct. Be moral, think morally, but don't make a moral issue out of everything.

20. Be considerate of the feelings of others. Outspokenness, a tendency to belittle others, to slur them is a close relative of the mental patient.

21. Do not be suspicious of the motives and morals of others. The school-teacher with whom we started this article failed in this, but she had been raised that way by her parents. Others are not trying to get the best of you and are not moral degenerates.

22. Set a reasonable goal for your ambition—one that it is possible to attain. Forget the mansion and servants; set your goal on a six-room bungalow, a cheap car, a steady job, the respect of others. You can find happiness and success where you are and in simple things.

23. Have some hobbies—flowers, poultry, fishing, saving, helping. Have hobbies in which you *do* something, not merely *think* something.

24. Forget your heredity. One person is responsible for you—you.

Keep physically fit. Exercise in the open every day.

Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances

Was Always Willing to Risk All He Possessed in a Single Throw

PART IV.

By HUSTON THOMPSON

President and Mrs. Wilson on their way to Carnegie Hall, New York City, where the President delivered his first public address after the signing of the Peace Treaty.

AS I SUGGESTED in a previous article, Woodrow Wilson was a supreme taker of chances. The well-known and universally respected American trait of good sportsmanship found its exemplification in him. He loved to "take a chance" in putting his cause to the acid test.

To one who studied the outward expression of the inner workings of Woodrow Wilson's mentality it is hard to believe that Rudyard Kipling could have had anybody else in mind when he wrote his great poem, *If*, which was to Mr. Wilson more than a favorite composition in English literature—a chart which he often said, before and after he became President, he tried to follow. When he took up his residence at the White House he had a copy of *If* framed and hung upon the wall.

Time and again Mr. Wilson "made one heap of all his winnings" and risked them on "one turn of pitch and toss." He seemed to reach a stage of spiritual exaltation when he thus threw his cause into the balance, with the chance of defeat sometimes apparently greater than the chance of victory. To his cautious, crafty political advisers—a type that believes in "playing safe"—his bold gamble to stand or fall on "one turn" invariably caused a feeling akin to prostration.

One of his first dramatic gambles occurred when he was president of Princeton. An alumnus offered $500,000 to the university, with the condition that $500,000 more be subscribed to put with it. Half a million could, of course, easily be raised for Princeton at any time, so the gift was practically a million dollars. However, certain stipulations were attached as to how the money should be used. Mr. Wilson disapproved of them.

The bequest was to go to the building of a graduate college. One of the conditions was that this college should be located some distance from the university campus. For a long time President Wilson had sought to bring the university life closer to the campus. He feared that the conditions of the bequest would, among other things, cut off the graduate students from the undergraduates, and make for exclusiveness just as the location of the social clubs some distance from the campus had so affected undergraduate life.

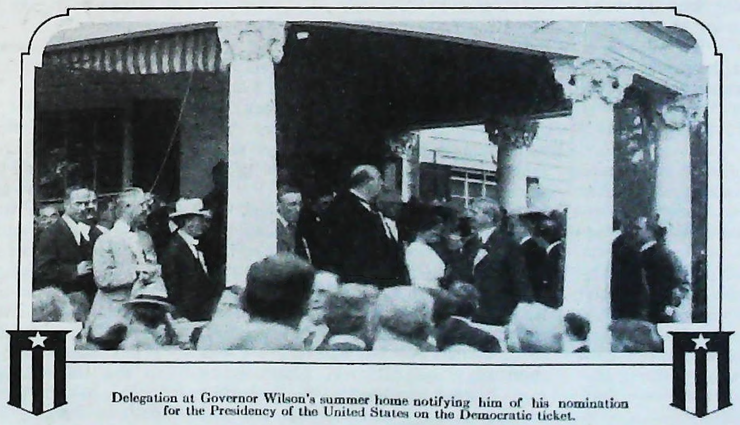
About this time Woodrow Wilson delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln in Chicago, and upon his return to Princeton, he gave an informal talk on the subject: "Would a college education have helped Lincoln?" Apropos of his address, Mr. Wilson was engaged upon a program of trying to make the life and work of one of our oldest eastern institutions fit young men for a career of service in a democracy, and, as he put it, not merely provide a country club for the acquirement of a decorative culture. "Princeton for the Nation's Service" was his slogan, and opposed to him was the opinion of those who would have higher learning a kind of "Art for Art's sake."

Four years in our modern college, said he, would have given Lincoln no additional chances of being of service to his country, but four years under such a social system as existed in them would have been a most serious handicap to him.

"For," said Mr. Wilson, "Lincoln's strength lay in his close kinship with the understanding and desires of the common people, those who were in the everyday struggle. It was because he never lost touch with them that he was able to solidify the North and lead it to victory through four years of a civil war.

"The social life of our colleges today, through its fraternities and clubs, encourages young people to become acutely critical and discriminatory of those with whom they associate, and to select as companions only

(Continued on page 27)

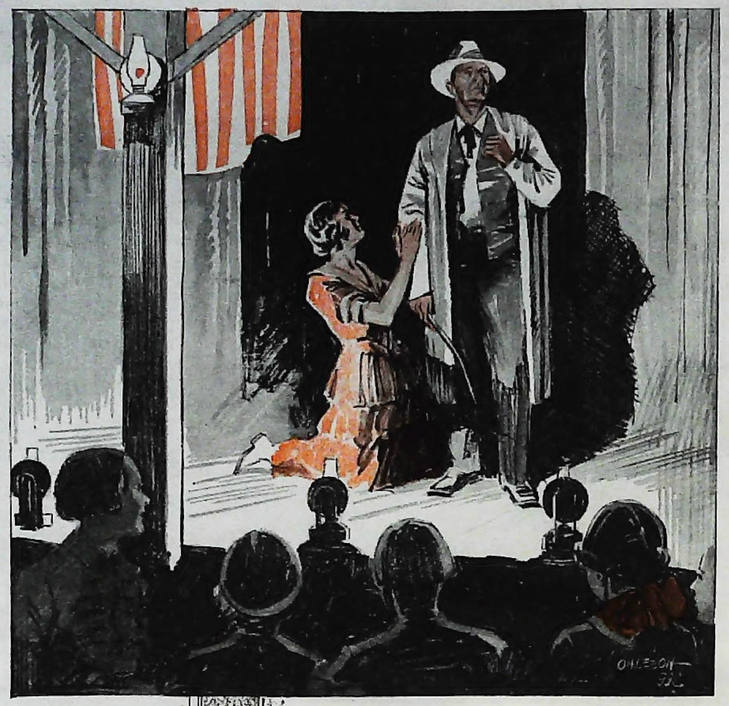


Delegation at Governor Wilson's summer home notifying him of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket.

The Drama of Our Youth

Village Theatricals When Father and Mother Were Characters in the Play

By CAROLINE ELIZA VOSE



VILLAGE theatricals—oh, what fun they were! They were common to sections of the United States so that many of us treasure them as an exciting, happy part of our country-spent youth.

No play put on by any skilled theatrical producer, however famous or artistic, can ever cause the same thrill or stir the emotions I experienced at witnessing the plays given in our village hall when I was a child.

They were truly community affairs, entered into by young and old, with everyone feeling a certain responsibility for their success. Antedating motion pictures, the radio, and automobiling, they were among the few important social events of the year.

Did the wooden sidewalks require extension or repairs, was there need of grading and fence mending at the cemetery, did the school lack globes, or the hall need shingling—then give a play to raise the money, of course. Yes, give a play.

I can feel it yet—the excitement in the air when I would first hear about the proposed drama. Nearly everyone called it a drama, only many people pronounced it *drayma*.

I always listened eagerly whenever the grown-ups discussed the entertainment.

"Mamie Cole's doing awfully well. I'm glad she's got a part this year," father would say.

"Yes, and Foster Hamilton's good, too, as the hero," Sister Sue would chime in.

"How's Jo Bendix doing, Will?" mother would ask.

"Jo? Jo is fine. Truly that man ought to go on the stage, and Bertha Cleaves is the funniest thing as the old gypsy woman. You'll die laughing when you see her."

I hoped nobody would die laughing, but I could hardly wait to see Jennie Cleaves' mother as an old gypsy woman. I never had seen one in real life.

My delight was unbounded whenever members of my family were in the cast. How I lorded it over my less fortunate companions!

"My father's going to be in the drama, and he's got a big part, too," I would proudly inform Sybil Bruce. Before Sybil could recover from this crushing blow, I would cruelly deliver another. "Sue's going to be in it. I think she's the heroine." The last word was pronounced somewhat gingerly.

"Tommy! Tommy Pike, did you know my father'n sister are both'n the drama?"

With the children whose relatives were also for the time being actors I developed a close intimacy. I found a great deal to discuss with them. The principals themselves were not more ardent than was this younger group shining in reflected glory.

The rehearsals, except the last two or three, were held at the homes of different people in the cast. Once in a while—joyful occasion—a rehearsal was held at our house. Mother always let me stay up for part of it if I promised to be absolutely quiet. I was quiet, so quiet usually that she forgot I was there till it was all over. Extra lamps were lighted, no electric lights in the country in those days. Even the best parlor one was brought out into the sitting room. The furniture was all changed around until I felt as though I were in a strange room.

It was more or less a point of honor for every member of the cast to attend all rehearsals. The men may have had a long strenuous day hauling wood, cutting ice, ploughing, or getting in crops, but dressed in their "store clothes" they turned out for a rehearsal just the same. There was much laughing and talking at first followed by the rehearsal itself. There was no regular coach but everyone made suggestions. Afterward no matter how late it was mother always served something to eat: cake or cookies with perhaps cornballs and homemade candy, and not infrequently hot coffee and doughnuts.

The costumes were indeed a community affair. Everybody in the neighborhood hunted about in closet and attic for suitable garments for the actors, and everybody was willing to lend. Old dresses were made over, and new ones were fashioned out of cambric, cheesecloth, and other inexpensive materials. I used to watch with wonder the marvelous transformations into wearing apparel wrought with ordinary strips of cloth and with the heterogeneous contents of rag-bags.

Finally the longed-for evening would arrive and I would clutch my fifteen cents in my hot little hand, for I always wanted the fun of paying for myself. I felt important handing my money to the ticket-taker at the door. It might be Mr. Tracy, the postmaster, or Sybil Bruce's

(Concluded on page 18)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

AMONG the imaginative exercises of the human mind is the creation of that mysterious verbal quantity known as the "saturation point." It is much discussed, but so far as known an actual exhibit of such a "point" has not been made. If someone would actually produce, in history or contemporary experience, a true illustration of the "saturation point," it would be a matter of great interest.

To take a matter near at hand, where is the "saturation point" in transportation? Time was when a few favored people owned oxen. Just when the "saturation point" in oxen was reached, if ever it was, is not known. But it was succeeded by a time when more people owned horses then ever owned oxen. The horse had his day, yet we do not remember ever having heard that the "saturation point" was ever reached with reference to him. But the horse was succeeded by the bicycle, and more people owned and rode bicycles than ever owned or drove horses. Looking back upon those days no memory arises of any discussion about the "saturation point" in bicycles, yet gradually the automobile came upon the scene and more people drive automobiles than ever rode bicycles.

ONE of the mirages of the mind is the quantity called the "saturation point." Such a point does not exist in any service. Society readily gets too much of a bad, destructive or negative thing, but not of a good, constructive and positive thing. In business lines, whole sections of the United States are still virgin fields. If this is so of our country, what must be true of the world! As to people who are self-starters, who buy voluntarily, there is indeed a saturation point for the lazy or resourceless business man. But such self-buyers are few; a world of less ready-minded people await the cultivation of their faculty of use.

The point of these facts is that the "saturation point" of the service which we call transportation has never been reached, that each new means of transportation has had wider use than any of its predecessors, and that even with all this only a small portion of the world's population is served by transportation facilities.

This subject has been discussed so exclusively from the salesman's point of view that we are inclined to neglect its larger implications. The first thing to do, obviously, would be to gather a few "saturation points" together for study. But the "points" are missing. They are yet to be produced. We discover that we are talking about something that has never existed, and that probably cannot exist except in fear or unfaith in the future.

Saturation points, it would seem, have the habit of turning into something else the closer you approach them. When the pulling power of locomotives was "saturated" with heavier loads, the result was larger locomotives, larger cars, larger loads. The "point" was not an end, but a beginning.

Where is the "saturation point" in education? Just as it had been reached in Europe—that is, when all the gentlemen's sons had been educated—someone discovered that the plain people were competent to receive instruction also, and education has never yet caught up with the large order which that involved.

There is no "saturation point" for any service, but there probably is such a "point" for some methods. In salesmanship, for example, the time comes when all the people who are natural self-starters, that is, the people who *sell themselves* what they want, are fully supplied with your commodity. They are limited in number and are finally filled up. That is the "saturation point" of the lazy or resourceless salesman. He must wait for these self-starters among the people to use up what they have bought and come again.

But another type of salesman uses this "point" as a door beckoning him into the wider field of those who must be sold, who must be shown their need of the service you have to give and persuaded of your ability to give it. And this class grades away into various "saturation points," as the more-ready and less ready-minded are reached.

People who talk about the "saturation point" in automobiles today have in mind the people who have owned cars, or readily incline to own cars; they forget the tens of millions in the United States alone who have never owned cars, yet have use for cars, and need to be labored with in order to bring them abreast of their own times. When this is true of the United States, what of the world at large?

It is very clear from such considerations that "saturation points" are mirages of the mind, the reflections of indolence or basic lack of confidence.

Until every one has what he needs, and a way of procuring it when he needs it, we have no right to talk about oversupply in this world. Of course, if everything is to remain just as it is, the borders of possibility are soon reached. But everything is not going to remain stationary. The man who keeps reaping is the man who keeps planting. And the nation that keeps selling is the nation that keeps creating buyers. There are millions of potential buyers in these United States who must be paid wages which will enable them to buy. For buyers make workers, and workers make spenders, and spenders make business, and business makes prosperity, and prosperity pays back its benefits on everyone. There is no "saturation point" in the people's reception and use of the benefits of prosperity.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

Crime Five-to-One Foreign

THE too well-founded charge that our crime is not American but imported seems to have pricked the New York *Times* on several occasions. In the Whittemore case the *Times* takes up the racial sources of the criminals and says: "The leader himself is of old American stock, his wife is of German descent, the two financiers of the gang are of foreign Jewish birth, the lieutenant gunman is Italian. It is a microcosm of our whole population."

On this showing, crime is five of foreign origin to one of American. And the whole gang is not yet in evidence. When they are all rounded up the ratio will be much higher. But it will be quite useful for the *Times* to continue its attention to the matter. Every contribution from an unconvinced party makes the general contention more evident.

HOW?

CONGRESS is casting about for the thing to do with reference to prohibition. The first thing to do is to enforce the law by men who believe in the law. The prohibition law has been largely in the hands of its enemies from the first. A "front" has been maintained by persecuting the minor offenders while the wholesale major conspirators have usually gone free. And there has been too much talk about what "we are going to do." The source of the greatest doubt which the public feels concerning General Andrews is that he is talking. General Smedley Butler did that in Philadelphia—very unlike a Marine—and his experience should be a lesson to other enforcement officers. What the nation asks is action. General Andrews does not need to inform us by interviews of what he intends to do. We could well forego the interviews for the pleasure of picking up the papers some morning to read of what he has *done*. In this matter, history is preferable to prophecy. Believers in the law, doers not talkers, these will show us what can be done.

A Sudden Squall

ONE of the strangest outbursts of which the American press has been the vehicle was the two-day torrent of criticism which greeted the reports of Ambassadors Houghton and Gibson to the President. Newspapers pretended to think it a horrible thing that ambassadors should tell the President the truth about Russia; and yet upon examination it appeared that it was not the newspapers who thought it, but someone else, and the identity of the someone else did not appear. At the same moment the same kind of criticism was raging in England, but it cannot be that England should make such sudden use of our press!

Anyway, it all died down in two days. The assumption was preposterous that an American ambassador, seeing through the farce of European peace, should tell his Chief, and, within certain discretion, his countrymen, what the facts are.

The case is so bad that adjournment saved the shell of the League of Nations from collapsing. Mr. Chamberlain was not to blame, for his secret negotiations were in the best and most approved European manner; he was acting in a situation which left no other action possible, even though it is well known that such action always has destructive consequences, whether immediate or remote. In Mr. Chamberlain's case, the consequences were immediate. The fault was with the fatuity that four months ago hailed Locarno as the world's salvation and Chamberlain as its savior. It is just as well that Europe early learn what is false and what is true.

It appears that truth has been told at the White House. We now hopefully await active evidence that the truth is being consulted in our foreign relations.

Somebody Is Looking for Trouble

IN CONSIDERING the Mexican situation it should be borne in mind that trouble between that country and the United States has long been the desire of various interests. This fact should be considered in Mexico even more than in the United States, for it is Mexico that has been playing with fire, and if the conflagration should break out, Mexico would be the chief sufferer. The United States has stated officially that it seeks not one foot of Mexican territory. Mexico is therefore relieved of all fear of aggression. If, under the security of that promise, Mexico should lend herself as the agent of those who would harass the United States, it would then be Mexico that would be chargeable with creating a new situation. There are many interests seeking trouble between the countries. Some of them originate in this country. Others abroad. There are commercial, religious, and political elements involved. It is not forgotten that Germany had a scheme whereby Mexico was to attack the United States to withdraw our attention from the World War. It is not forgotten that Mexico and Japan have been nearer neighbors than Mexico and the United States. Well-wishers of Mexico desire to see her pursue a course in harmony with the successful ideals of civilization which mark her northern neighbors. If she seeks counsel elsewhere, and orders her course on contrary lines, she is creating a situation which she will not be able to handle.

Reserved Against the Hour

MR. TROTSKY takes another fling at the United States. But he does not misstate the facts. However much he may dislike the facts, he recognizes them and acknowledges them. And what he says should not alarm, but hearten us. When Trotsky storms about the United States being the greatest obstacle in the way of Communism, we should be thankful that it is so, that the conjunction of these strange times should find a nation so morally and materially impregnable that the high priest of Communism is compelled to acknowledge it. It is not for nought that the United States has come to its place of power at this time. Its mission and destiny are providential, and its service will be performed.

Mr. Trotsky's (rather Braunstein's) speech will not be without its use if it throws light upon the mission of the United States for those who have inclined to believe that the United States has evaded its mission. A nation set to do a specific work is rightly guided when it forbears to fritter its power away in trivial ends. The futile trivialities of the European political *debacle* would have included us, had our country been a party to the impossible and unnatural schemes which were offered us. And it was not due to our wisdom that we escaped the lure. It is due to some national instinct deeper than thought, some distinct direction of the national feeling about the times and their meaning. In great events nations are thus led, and it borders on something like sacrilege for men to say that the United States, in following a deep instinct, is evading its duty. What if that instinct is preserving the nation—power and vision intact—for a service the rest of the world has now unfitted itself to perform? What if the enemy, as articulate in Trotsky, sees the situation more clearly than some of our misguided prophets?

There is something in the instinct of the American people which is worth trusting. This is the lesson which some of our proponents of a false "internationalism" must learn.

Who Pays the Piper?

WINSTON CHURCHILL does himself little credit and his country little service by exhuming that chimerical but strangely active corpse—the cancellation of war debts. As Chancellor of the Exchequer and a leader in the Tory party he may believe his denunciation of America a clever political move. Actually it serves only to comfort those common enemies who seek to strain friendly relations between the two nations at a time when England may need friends badly.

Churchill's picture of the United States as a land fattening on wealth "drawn from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic" may be rhetoric, but it is nonsense.

All Europe is agreed on one panacea for its ills—letting America pay for its war. Why should we? This country was not consulted when the torch was applied in 1914. The war was not of our making. At its conception it was scarcely even of our concern. When we did enter it in the name of democracy, there was no niggardliness in men or money. Yet the politicians of Europe—setting up a claim because of this very aid—would place the whole tremendous financial burden of the war on the back of the American taxpayer.

Nor is this all: damned for his stinginess, the American taxpayer seldom retorts that he is already paying all of his own share and half of Europe's—which he is.

The United States has gone to the very limit in granting concessions and virtual moratoriums, in fathoming "ability to pay," in affixing low rates of interest. We are not (as pictured by the foreign press and politicians) a nation of Shylocks demanding our pound of flesh. There is some thought that Churchill is playing for a breakdown of the British-American funding agreement. If so he is wasting breath; to reduce financial arrangements any further would be equivalent to paying an admission fee for getting into the war.

Good Will

THE only permanent good in the world is good will. Most of the differences which exist are due to the withholding of it. Good will brings many men of many minds together for the achievement of one good end. Good will even abides the trial of unwise methods, to give time for their weakness to appear, that so the advent of better methods might be hastened. Good will has the sense to wait in confidence the total abandonment of what is harmful or useless, as soon as it is found to be such. Thus good will is not mushy but wise; it discriminates without despising. It arms wisdom with amiability.

Literary Fakers and Their Fakes

Wherein the Delightful "Spectra" Hoax Is Told and the Eulogists of Modern and Ultra-Modern Verse Are Engulfed in Sorrow

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

Knish was a Russian princess and Morgan was of the soil, sturdy son of New England, so they said.

MY FRIEND William Marion Reedy, who lived and edited his *Mirror* in St. Louis, loved his joke, big-hearted grown-up boy that he was. And, because there was a consubstantiality between the man and his work, there was always a friendly sense of contact and geniality in his paper. But because of that love of fun, and because of his natural elasticity, the things he printed sometimes puzzled serious people, more so because it was pretty generally conceded that the man was pervaded by a genuine love for what is best and truest in literature.

Still, Reedy had a dark suspicion of those who professionally set out to affect the lives of others; he feared beyond all things the appearance of pontificality. As a corrective to any tendency that way, he would mildly satirize those things and ideas that he held most in esteem. For instance, when he was giving Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* to the world, he did not hesitate to run a parody making merry with the poet's philosophy whereby all the sins and shortcomings of the individual are blamed, not on the individual himself because of his lack of discipline, but on society. One verse ran:

JOHN BULL FLESHMAN

There was once a butcher
Who, for love of a chorus lady,
Disembowelled himself with a meat axe,
On her sofa.
Now I do not claim that this was
particularly wrong,
I do not condemn the man.

I simply say
That when a useful man animal
Would make such a miserable shift
Over an amour with an abandoned
woman,
There must be something rotten
In the moral fabric
Of the community which bore him.

But the Elmer Chubb hoax was his most lively coup. It had been taken for granted that Reedy would keep an even course, philosophically, not bearing in the direction of the wild-eyed reformers, nor cruising toward the restrictive wing, so when his *Mirror* came out with a mass of strange stuff written by one Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., many were mystified. There was advocation of a national religion; there were arguments advanced in favor of all kinds of restrictive measures; there were platitudes, puerilities, asininities.

Chubb was plainly a petty-souled creature full of a wishy-washy sentimentality. And yet he seemed to have rubbed shoulders with a variegated assortment of interesting people. He was an execrable poet and bored readers with his sonnets. He was full of a lachrymose sympathy with all sorts of odd notions and theories. But who he was, no one knew, and the secret was never revealed. That Chubb was the pen name of Edgar Lee Masters was never told; but so it was.

To be a hoaxer on occasion, however, does nothing toward making one immune from hoaxes, and Reedy tripped where others tripped.

About the latter part of 1915, there appeared in different magazines of solid respectability strange poems over the names of Emanuel Morgan and Anna Knish. The *Little Review*, a very radical and advanced magazine, printed some of the effusions. The *Forum*, in its issue of June, 1916, carried a kind of exposition of aims, setting forth that the new movement would push the possibilities of poetic expression by a method not wholly different from the methods of the Futurist painters. Like *Les Jeunes*, the new school used an incomprehensible jargon; there was a flavor of the Symbolists about them; like the Vorticists they set great store on the immense importance of the "live word" which was to dazzle, to shock, to stun. Emanuel Morgan expressed his genius in metrical form and rhyme. Anna Knish chose the medium of a verse free to the point of looseness. I quote Morgan:

OPUS 15

Despair comes when all comedy
Is tame
And there is no tragedy
In any name,
When the round and wounded breathing
Of love upon the breast
Is not so glad a sheathing
As an old brown vest.

Asparagus is feathery and tall,
And the hose lies rotting by the garden
wall.

The Anna Knish style may be judged from this specimen:

OPUS 118

If bathing were a virtue, not a lust,
I would be dirtiest.

To some, housecleaning is a holy
rite.
For myself, houses would be empty
But for the golden motes dancing in
sunbeams.

Tax assessors frequently overlook
valuables,
Today they noted my jade,
But my memory of you escaped them.

Today it seems incredible that sapient editors could be played with as they were, but, apparently, they were overcome by a vague respect for the mysterious non-understandable. One famous magazine of revolt called *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, accepted and printed this in all seriousness:

. . .
There is a stone wall, leading to a
motherly tree,
Which clicks with the flickering caress
And parts for the leap—
And you, beloved,
Are a Nut.

As if this thrust did not suffice, Morgan had, in another place, this piece of challenging sarcasm:

Smell me, a dead
fish . . .
Taste me, a rotten
tree . . .

while Anna Knish, challenging in her turn, talks in her Opus 80 about her house of glass, and, taunting the editors who accepted all in grave seriousness, says:

Sometimes
I am terribly
tempted
To throw the
stones myself.

Viewed in retrospect it all looks like a piece of transparent impudence that would deceive no one, but deceive it did. To be sure there were hard-headed fellows in the business world, and some in the world literary too, who, having read the poems gave up all attempt to make sense out of them as hopeless. Others saw in them nothing but dementia, but on them was poured hot sarcasm by the illuminati. For what could Philistines who praised Whittier and Burns be expected to know of such highly idealized art? How should Tom, Dick and Harry comprehend human thought when it was idealized to such a point of refinement that none but the rare intelligentsia could appreciate it? So there was wordy warfare, and much was said about metaphysical moralists, and more was said that was scornful of the ruder barbarians.

Meanwhile there were columns of ingenuous gossip over the personalities of the authors. Knish was a Russian princess who wrote in English and lived in Italy. Morgan was of the soil, the sturdy son of sturdy New England ancestors, and so on. Knish, said one close critical student of contemporary literature, was "lyrically whimsical,"

The Advent of the Book Called "Spectra"

and Morgan was quaintly paradoxical, but "through the veil the attentive ear could recognize the golden quality of the notes" though they "would never penetrate into the public consciousness."

Then, in 1916, Mitchell Kennerley published for Anna Knish and Emanuel Morgan a thin volume called *Spectra, A Book of Poetic Experiments*, and, lo! and behold, there was a very favorable press. Here at last was something new, something strong and primal. Here was something not derived from Swinburne, or Tennyson, or Browning, or any other verse-maker. Here were very perfect exponents of their age. Here was the magnificent result when the restricting bonds of tradition were loosed. Here, in a word, was a wreath to place on the tomb of the fundamentalists.

Apparently the editors were overcome by a vague respect for the mysterious non-understandable.

Among others, Reedy fell for the hoax, though his panegyric was accompanied by some reservations. "Vitalized grotesques," he wrote of the poems in his *Mirror* (Vol. xxv, No. 47, page 768), "vitalized grotesques which at first seem like parodies of some recent new poetry." There you catch the ghost of suspicion. Still, he was a man who cultivated a tolerance of opinion not his own, and did not stop with that first sound judgment and true impression. "I think," he continued, "they are a distillation of pure joy in the senses and the incalculable friskiness of thought and fancy."

Then Came the Flash of Lightning

But other critics were more bold, and, in torrents of verbosity, plumed themselves upon their acumen and paraded their discovery as a glittering achievement. John Gould Fletcher suspected nothing, and, from his London home, praised the "vividly memorable lines." So the great day of liberation was hailed. For the traditionalists there was nothing but darkness and death.

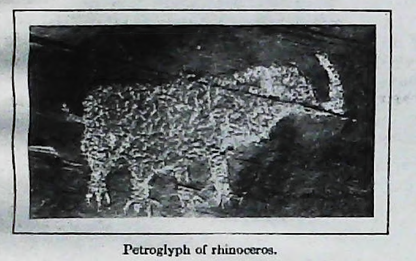
Then out of a clear sky came a lightning flash. Anna Knish yielded to that temptation to throw the stone into the glass house she had builded, and there were splinterings and crashings and smashings. Off went her mask, and it was no seething imagist of a Russian princess who stood revealed, but, instead, a young soldier poet, a commissioned captain, then on the point of embarking for Europe. It was Arthur Davison Ficke, well enough known for his work—always finished and artistic, always harmonious and intelligible. His partner in the hoax, Emanuel Morgan, was Witter Bynner, also a poet, the subject matter of whose verse can be understood, and enjoyed too, by learned and unlearned alike. So a great silence fell on the critical world, and some who had found an occult meaning in that

And you, beloved,
Are a Nut

retired into themselves and indulged in lonely visions, or else went apart to weep with those that wept. They had chanted loud odes and the crash left them dumb.

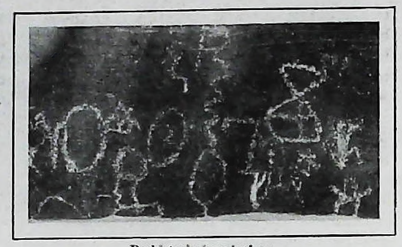
But elsewhere there was world laughter, just as there had been world laughter when Molière raised the laugh against preciosity with his *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, in 1659. And (Concluded on page 26)

A Dinosaur Breaks Into History



Petroglyph of rhinoceros.

If Man Drew a Pictograph From Life, It Upsets Many Theories



Prehistoric inscriptions.

By SAMUEL HUBBARD

THE discovery by the Doheny scientific expedition of a petroglyph, or rock drawing, of a dinosaur, in Arizona, raises the question regarding the antiquity of man. Was man present during the Triassic Period when dinosaurs flourished? Most evolutionists, geologists and paleontologists have answered emphatically *No* to this question.

One scientist who saw the dinosaur picture said: "It looks more like a dinosaur than anything else, but if I admit it is a dinosaur that upsets all of our theories regarding the antiquity of man, and even changes our conclusions about geology, and I am not prepared to do that on the evidence of only one such pictograph."

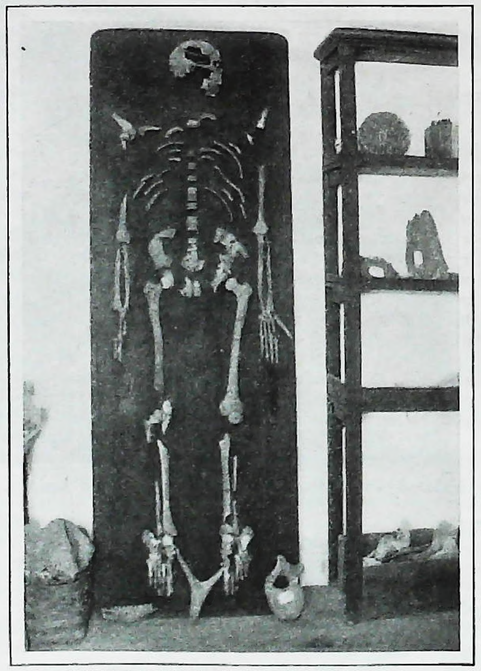
As against that argument, however, there is only one part of the brainpan and one leg-bone of the celebrated *pithecanthropus erectus*, and from these fragments a brief has been filed connecting man with the apes. Also a single molar tooth has been found in Wyoming. Upon this evidence it is claimed that the great apes once lived in America.

The proponents of evolution describe to us the orderly succession of life on this planet, from the lower single-celled forms up to the complex creatures we find today. From seaweeds to mollusks; mollusks to fishes; fishes to reptiles; reptiles to birds and mammals, and last of all appeared man. Most of us have accepted this statement without question, because the facts seemed to point that way. *But if man actually saw a live dinosaur, and drew a picture of one, then that statement is not true.*

On close analysis it is seen that the idea that man was the last animal to evolve is not really based on provable facts, but is an assumption that such must be the case. Scientists have arrived at this conclusion because the remains of prehistoric man have so far been found only in the more recent formations.

Our present knowledge of prehistoric man is mostly obtained from caves in Europe. Discovery following discovery has put man's advent further back into the past. The records of the Egyptian priests showed an organized civilization more than 10,000 years B. C.; then there was a jump to 20,000 years; then came the Neanderthal man; the Heidelberg man; the Piltdown skull, and finally the celebrated *pithecanthropus erectus* or ape-man of Java. In point of time these go back 50,000 years, 100,000 years; even 500,000 years. Some scientists now talk about man having been on earth one million years ago, without seeming to tax credulity.

The remains of prehistoric human beings are most difficult of all to find. "Earth to earth and dust to dust" is no mere figure of speech. Human bones turn into dust. Even in a dry, desert climate like Nevada or Arizona, you open a burial vault, and there in the midst of the gray sand that litters its floor is a yellowish brown circle of dust which, on analysis, proves to have been human bones. There is nothing to show what the man looked like or how long he had been dead.



Skeleton, 7 feet 2 inches high, found in the Cave of the Barma-Grande, near Mentone, France.

The caves in Europe are nearly all in a limestone formation, and the water percolating through this limestone has fossilized the bones and aided in their preservation.

Just on the frontier between France and Italy, a bold headland juts out into the blue Mediterranean. On account of its red color it is called *Les Rocques Rouges*. A long narrow slit faces the sea, but widens a little as you go in, and forms the *Cave of the Barma-Grande*. It is about halfway between the French town of Mentone and the Italian town of Ventimiglia.

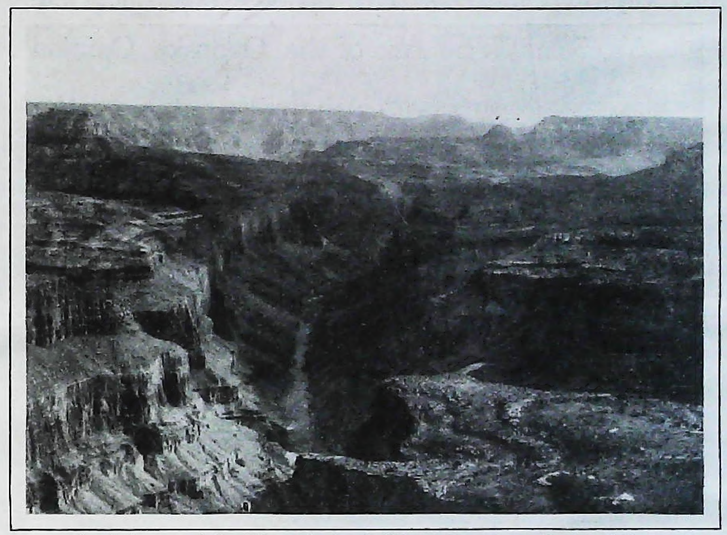
An Englishman, who became interested in the exploration of this cave, not only excavated the accumulation of rubbish in the cave itself, but he built a small museum called the *Prehistoricum* to hold and exhibit its contents.

The original floor line of the cave is some 54 feet above the present floor level. At a depth of 34 feet five skeletons were encountered. These had apparently been buried in the fireplace, as the bones were mixed with ashes and charcoal. One was the skeleton of a very powerful man of middle age. He was 7 feet 2 inches tall. Another was a young girl about 18 years of age, and the third a youth of about the same age. The boy was 6 feet 6 inches tall, and the girl was over 6 feet. In the hand of the girl was a long obsidian dagger, similar in workmanship to the spear points made by our California Indians; around her neck was a necklace made of the vertebra of salmon.

These two skeletons were left *in situ;* a box with a glass cover was built around them. The skulls showed a race of people fully as intelligent as our own. They have been classified as the Grimaldi race, an offshoot of the Cro-Magnon, from whom the people of Europe are supposed to be descended.

It was estimated by scientists that the accumulation of detritus over these bodies to a depth of 34 feet, required at least 20,000 years. My personal opinion is that this is an underestimate. At lower depths, beneath these human skeletons, were found the bones of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, horse, aurochs, great cave bear, and other animals.

In our Arizona cañon we find a different problem to solve. On the walls of the Hava Supai Cañon we find where prehistoric people, of unknown ancestry, have drawn pictures of animals long since extinct in America. How long these animals have been extinct no one really knows, but the method by which these pictures are made indicates great antiquity. They might easily be a million years old, perhaps more. They are deeply cut through the black oxide, or "desert varnish," which forms on some of the red-sandstone walls in this cañon. The only way they can disappear is to "weather off," which in this dry desert climate would require a time too great to compute.



America's renowned Grand Canon, showing the Colorado River, thousands of feet below, eating its way deeper and deeper into bed rock.

I explored this cañon some 30 years ago. I saw these pictographs at that time and described them on my return. Mr. Doheny and his prospecting party were there some 15 years prior to my visit. General Crook, of the United States Cavalry, had been in there, and the infamous John D. Lee, of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," had found sanctuary in this wild spot, in his vain endeavor to hide from United States marshals.

The suspicion that these petroglyphs might have been executed by cowboys or prospectors is too absurd to be considered. I know of wall-writings in this cañon which are absolutely inaccessible. The way up to them has long since disappeared and caved off. They can only be seen from a distance with field glasses, or closely examined by bringing in expensive equipment. This is also evidence that they were not done by any of the Indian tribes at present inhabiting this region.

One of the big questions at issue in this matter is, how old is the Supai Cañon? Was it in existence when the dinosaur made the tracks we found and described out in the "Painted Desert"? Was it formed during the Triassic Period, or at a much later date? If it was eroded at a later date then did dinosaurs persist long after the Triassic Period ended? If dinosaurs came down into the age of mammals, why don't we sometimes find their bones mingled with mammal bones?

Frankly I do not know the answers to these questions, and furthermore I do not know any one who does. This whole subject involves a profound knowledge of geology, with special reference to a study of this region. As my opinion would carry no weight I do not venture to give it, but shall confine myself to those things I have seen and can interpret.

And yet, when I attempt to draw a pen-picture of this vast region, and try to visualize it to those who have never been there and seen it for themselves, I am simply overwhelmed with the hopelessness of the task.

When you make your painful way down into one of these great gashes in the earth, you feel like a tiny parasite crawling around in a wrinkle of the skin of some huge monster. Stand with me for a moment on the very rim of the Grand Cañon. At your feet is a gulf so huge and so uncanny that it is beyond all your previous experience. There is nothing in your past that you can measure it by.

When I tell you it is a mile deep and from 12 to 18 miles across, the figures have little significance. But when I prove to you that that picket fence on the north rim is in reality a forest of tall trees, the immensity of it all begins to creep into your consciousness.

Next I show you my barometer with the needle registering 6,700 feet above sea level, and then I show you where your heel is grinding a petrified clamshell into dust. When I demonstrate that the Kaibab limestone you are standing on contains millions of these clamshells, and that it is in truth the bed of an ancient sea, you begin to realize that strange things have happened here in the past.

Then I point out Red Butte, an isolated peak rising above the plain, crowned with a sinister cap of black lava. I explain to you that that is all that is left of 4,000 feet of sedimentary strata which towered above the spot you are standing on. What great cataclysm swept away 4,000 feet of sandstone, limestone and shale, covering hundreds of square miles of territory? If you could have stood on the rim of the cañon as it was then, you would have been looking down into a gorge 10,000 feet deep, instead of the puny colossus of today with its mere 5,000 feet of vertical depth.

And when you ask me what mighty Titan carved this huge gorge, for answer I tell you to listen. Out of the deep abyss at your feet there comes a low rumbling sound, like the deep-throated growl of some primitive monster. You look, and down there, between perpendicular walls, rushes the tawny red streak of that terrible river, even now eating its way deeper and deeper into the black Archean granite, the very bed rock of the world.

And now, when I tell you that strange peoples worked here, and left their "records in the rocks"; and strange animals left their footprints in sandy shores, which have long since turned into stone; and the salt waves of the sea once dashed their spray upon the mountain tops; and huge volcanoes, beside which Vesuvius would have looked like a pimple, spilled their horrid brew over the face of the land, you will understand why I put my pride in my pocket, and in all reverence and humility stand in the presence of this GREAT THING, which is still waiting for an interpreter, and frankly admit that I don't know what it all means.

Prehistoric man was in a state of continual warfare with the great Carnivora of his day, or else he was fighting against other tribes of men. In either event he had a horror of being eaten.

In learning to sing, disregard the neighbors.

What to Do to Make Life Worth While

Many People Consider That a College Education and "Success" Are Synonymous, But Here Are Some Who Are of the Opposite Opinion

By ALLAN L. BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM OGG FITZGERALD

JUST when the word "success" was put into the dictionary does not much matter. A hundred years ago—fifty years ago—the majority of Americans were content to get along as best they could and let it go at that. There is no record that Lincoln's parents ever worried about his education. His stepmother may have helped him a little with the pine knot by which he read his history, but apparently even she never had any dreams for him. Parents were content to let the future take care of itself, apparently believing that no amount of planning could much alter it.

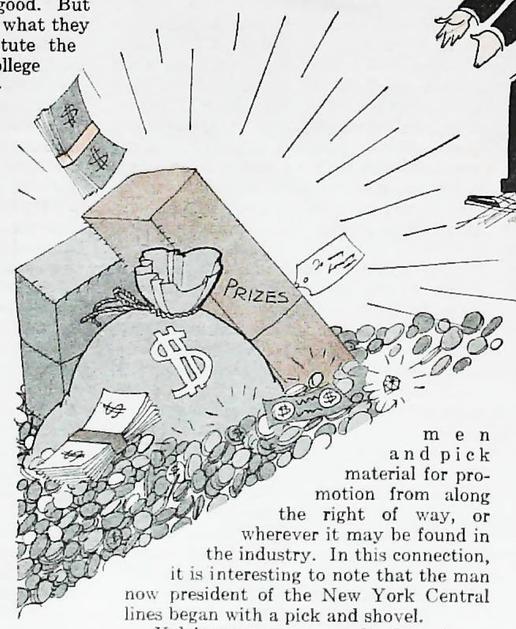
We have changed quite a little in the last 50 years. We have changed so much, in fact, that never before did the world behold such a spectacle as now exists in the United States. We have discovered the word "success" in the dictionary, and from its printed page it blazes out at us as if it would burn the paper. We have associated success with education, with the result that all the colleges we can build—or at any rate, all we have built—are not enough to hold the students. Our passion for sending our youth to college is without parallel, anywhere at any time.

We have technical schools for those who would be engineers, law schools for those who would be lawyers, and all that, which is logical and all to the good. But those who do not know exactly what they want to do—and they constitute the great majority of American college students—take a general cultural course, serene in the belief that a college education will be of great help to them in whatever they may choose to do. That is because the great reason in America for going to college is to become a success in life. A college education is supposed to pave the way to success in anything. Young men go to college now in order that they may make money later.

How cheap success would be at such a price! Four years in college and then, presto, a flying start down whatever path one might choose, with rewards, emoluments, prizes and riches coming with increasing frequency and in larger packages to the end.

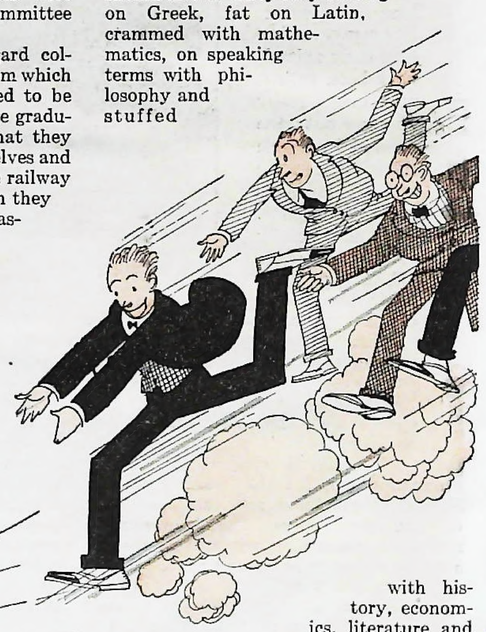
Yale University has done a real service in showing exactly what this sort of striving for success has led to in one industry. Yale appointed a committee to make a survey of its graduates and the graduates of other colleges in the field of transportation. The inquiry extended over a period of ten months, 300 leaders in the business of transportation were interviewed, a hundred transportation agencies were combed for facts, 20 universities and technical schools were visited; and this is what the committee found:

Railway executives do not regard college graduates as good material from which to select those who are to be trained to be executives. They say that college graduates are not "steady pluggers," that they have too high an opinion of themselves and are too eager for promotion. One railway president said that such men, when they begin, are liabilities rather than assets. There is little or no demand from railways for college graduates merely because they are graduates. They prefer to train their own men and pick material for promotion from along the right of way, or wherever it may be found in the industry. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the man now president of the New York Central lines began with a pick and shovel.



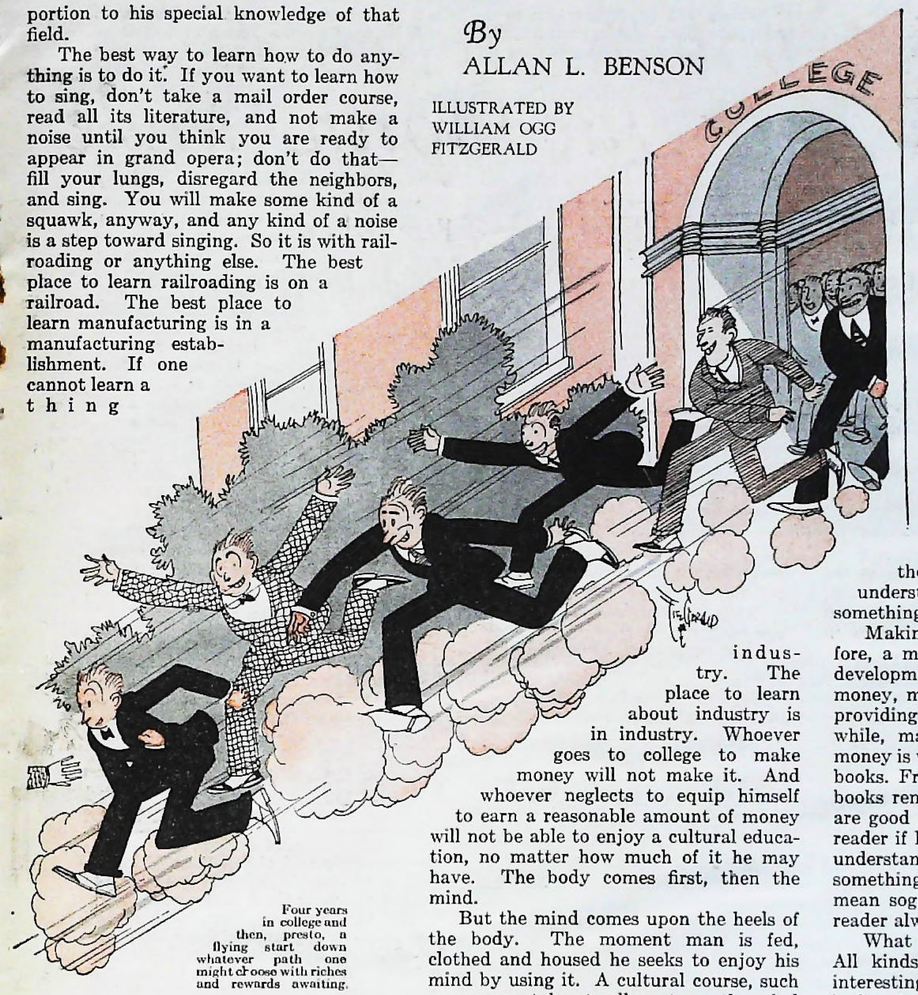
Yale's survey was confined to transportation, but the facts must be the same with regard to every other industry. It must be true of manufacturing, merchandising and every other similar activity, and for the same reasons that it is true in transportation.

Obviously, the reason why college men are not sought by transportation companies is because they know nothing about transportation. They come from their studies knowing, one might say, almost everything except what, if they are to be transportation workers, they should know. They may be long on Greek, fat on Latin, crammed with mathematics, on speaking terms with philosophy and stuffed with history, economics, literature and many other subjects but they cannot run a locomotive, fire a freight engine, dispatch trains, make out a tariff schedule or a time-table. A man who can operate the levers in a signal tower knows more about railroading than the whole crew of them. He learned what he knows about railroading while they were in college learning something else.



Now, the rewards of modern industry are for those who know how to make modern industry function in the best possible manner. Whoever would get these rewards must be a man of facts. He must know his business. What he does not know about something else will have absolutely no bearing upon his success in his particular field, which will always be in exact proportion to his special knowledge of that field.

The best way to learn how to do anything is to do it. If you want to learn how to sing, don't take a mail order course, read all its literature, and not make a noise until you think you are ready to appear in grand opera; don't do that—fill your lungs, disregard the neighbors, and sing. You will make some kind of a squawk, anyway, and any kind of a noise is a step toward singing. So it is with railroading or anything else. The best place to learn railroading is on a railroad. The best place to learn manufacturing is in a manufacturing establishment. If one cannot learn a thing where it is being done he certainly cannot learn it where it is not being done. And what this world wants is men who know how to *do* things. That is because things have to be done in order to serve the world with material goods.



Four years in college and then, presto, a flying start down whatever path one might choose with riches and rewards awaiting.

Anyone can serve you who can do the thing you want done, even though he knows how to do nothing else, but no one can serve you who cannot do the thing you want done, even though he should know how to do everything else in the realm of industry.

Nor is this an argument in favor of limiting the knowledge of man to the requirements of his particular occupation. It is not an argument of any sort. It is an effort to straighten thought. It is an attempt to prevent people from going to the delicatessen when what they really want can be found only at the hardware store two blocks up the street.

When Yale tells the world that college is apparently no place to learn how to run a railroad, you should be able to tell yourself that it is no place to learn anything connected with the operation of industry. The place to learn about industry is in industry. Whoever goes to college to make money will not make it. And whoever neglects to equip himself to earn a reasonable amount of money will not be able to enjoy a cultural education, no matter how much of it he may have. The body comes first, then the mind.

But the mind comes upon the heels of the body. The moment man is fed, clothed and housed he seeks to enjoy his mind by using it. A cultural course, such as one may take at college, turns the mind toward some of the things that it may enjoy. But there is no such thing as getting a cultural education even in college. All anyone can do is to begin it there. Whoever gets it must keep at it for life. And it may be got without going to college at all. It can be obtained with any fullness only by a lifetime of reading and reflection.

The books in college make but a small group in comparison with the books outside. If "reading maketh a full man," the only place one can become full is at home where it will take him all his years to do it. If there were any way that the young could be induced to form the habit of reading while still in high school, it is a grave question whether colleges, as they are now organized, would find much that they could do.

It is a very serious thing for a young man who has his way to make in the world to take four years off to go to college while the young men who are destined to be his competitors in the struggle for existence are learning their business where men know how to teach it; that is to say, in business. A bright youth in industry will, in four years, gain such a lead over a bright boy in college that it is more than likely the bright college boy will never again catch sight of him.

It is also a very serious thing for a bright boy to go into industry, read nothing but the sporting pages of the newspapers, and never give a thought to anything except his work. Sooner or later he must begin reading or he will never do much thinking except about his work. And no work is big enough to fill a man's life.

There is something in human nature that reaches out beyond the job and tries to get in touch with everything in the universe. Nobody is satisfied just to know himself. Those who read nothing but the sporting pages at least want to know about the sports. It is their effort at understanding, and the more one knows something about, the richer is his life.

Making the most of one's life is, therefore, a matter of promoting two lines of development. One line, by providing money, makes life possible, the other, by providing appreciation of things worth while, makes life rich. No amount of money is worth so much as a taste for good books. Friends die or move away, but good books remain. Good books are whatever are good for you. No book is good for a reader if he cannot understand it. As the understanding increases, taste calls for something more solid. But solid does not mean soggy. Books that are good for a reader always interest him.

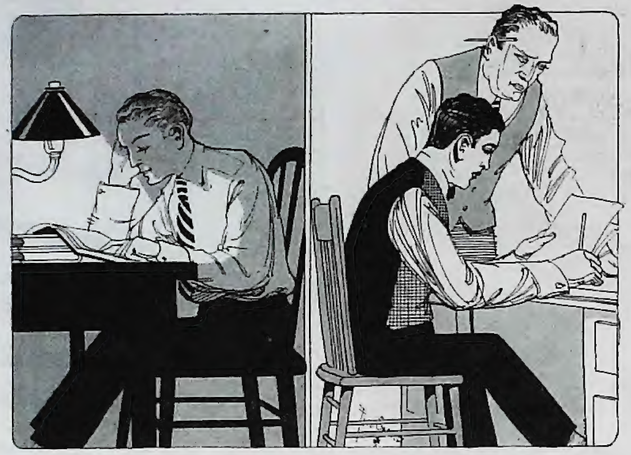
What kind of books are interesting? All kinds. Or, rather, all subjects are interesting if they are handled by somebody who has something to say and says it. The North Pole may be a bit cold, but many a hot book has been written about its vicinity. Everything in the world is interesting if it is told as it is. One will, therefore, always do well at least to take a dip into every book upon which he can lay his hands. Read to be informed, read to be amused, even read once in a while to see what an ass the author is. Sometimes there is no pleasure greater than this.

The tragedy of many millions upon this earth is not alone that they have so little, but that so little is in them. Little is in them because they never put much in. Things worth while can be put in only through the mind, and the mind is fed only through the eyes and ears. A craving for good books is worth more than any college education because it lasts for life while college ends in four or five years.

Industrial workers should be, and some day will be, the best educated men and women in the world, because they will know both how to do things and how to appreciate things. He hops along on one leg who has technical skill without ability to take in and comprehend the world about him, or who has understanding and

appreciation without technical skill. Always and forever, variety is the spice of life. Reading is never so enjoyable as after one has worked with his hands a while. Nothing but reading cracks the nerves and makes the children flee for safety.

No doubt about it, we shall have to revise our ideas of what constitutes education and of the relationship between the completion of a course in college and the acquisition of money from industry. There is no relationship between college and industry. College stands for appreciation, industry for production and the ability to appreciate is not the ability to produce. Some of the smaller colleges know this, Yale is apparently beginning to suspect it, and all of those who are now going to college will later find it out to their sorrow.



It is a very serious thing to take four years off to go to college while the young men who are destined to be competitors are learning where men know how to teach

The American desire for success is commendable, as is the American desire to learn, which is but another way of saying that American colleges are destined to undergo a great change. They will be more like technical schools and less like universities. The accent will be placed upon production, with appreciation second. Every student will be taught how to *do* some useful, productive thing, and while he is learning it he will be taught how to appreciate the many things in the world that have no sort of relationship to the industrial art he learns. Some of these arts can be taught as well in college as anywhere else, but railroading and deep-sea navigation are not of this number. College will then have its great value because it will be teaching the young both how to produce and how to appreciate, how to make each apart of their daily lives. That is life and nothing else is.

We can already see the currents flowing in this direction. On the one hand we see great industrial organizations—a few at any rate—offering cultural education to their employes by means of night schools. These schools are but a beginning, yet they are a beginning and they prove the recognition by both employers and employes of the need for both kinds of education. And we also see technical schools and a few small colleges that teach students both how to work and how to enjoy the world in which they live.

The colleges that are still providing "general courses," without apparent recognition of the fact that the first necessity of life is to know how to do something useful, are largely wasting their time and the time of their students. And what an army of such students there is! They are trying to learn how to make money when all that colleges know about money is that rich men give it to them.

The Drama of Our Youth

(*Concluded from page 8*)

father, or jolly Ned Cole. Anyway it was sure to be some neighbor who had a friendly word for every comer.

The hall—it had no other name, but was ever designated simply and impressively as the hall—was, in my eyes, literally a glorious blaze of light. It mattered not that the blaze was produced by means of numerous ugly brass kerosene lamps. The hall was a familiar place. I often accompanied mother there to the sewing circle meetings on Wednesday afternoons; I ate there almost every Saturday at the Village Improvement Society supper. I really knew the hall thoroughly, all its nooks and crannies, all its possibilities; and yet on a "drama night" I always felt I did not recognize it. It seemed miraculously to be converted into a strange, magic room where the most amazing happenings might occur.

I would make my way to one of the three or four backless benches placed in front for children which, oddly enough, never seemed hard or tiring. These benches were invariably crowded with wide-eyed, expectant children impatient for the performance to begin. We used to gaze at the crude, improvised curtain (which had a fixed habit of getting stuck) with admiration and awe.

"Bet my father's the best one in it!" Billy Stinson was whispering and nudging me at the same time.

I tried to edge away, for I hated to be nudged, but I only succeeded in pushing against Sybil Bruce who made a vigorous protest.

"Your father's going to be the villain, ain't he?" again whispered Billy. "Gee, I'm glad my—"

The rise of the curtain fortunately interrupted Billy's sentence. From that moment on we were all absorbed in the play. I was not conscious of sitting on a hard bench with a group of hot little wriggling boys and girls, in a stuffy room smelling of kerosene. I was in another world, far from home, with people I knew and yet did not know. Secretly I wished my father were not the villain, or anyway were not the man no one seemed to like. I nearly screamed when he was pushed down through the trapdoor. I wanted to call out not to hurt my dear father. But I comforted myself with the thought that it was not all absolutely real and that father was not truly being hurt

The time he was the cruel slave owner in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* I cried right out, though, and had to go back and sit in mother's lap. *The Hidden Hand* was a creepy story. When that white ghostlike hand kept appearing and frightening the characters on the stage, and scaring me, too, I found it hard to realize it was just Sister Sue's hand, and that at home I'd heard her tell all about it over and over again. I liked best the play in which Aunt Belle had a comic rôle and where everyone repeatedly said of her, "Mis' Peasley, she's a bouncer!" How I laughed and laughed whenever those lines were spoken!

But even amateur theatricals, be they ever so interesting and exciting, must have an end. The curtain inevitably had to go down for the last time, and I had to prepare to go home, not, however, before I had ecstatically greeted father, Sue, and Aunt Belle in their wondrous make-up and queer stage costumes. I always begged to stay to the dance afterward, for an after-the-play dance was always a big part of the evening's entertainment for all except the youngest members of the audience. Even we were usually permitted to go into the grand march, and to stay long enough to watch a Portland Fancy, one quadrille, or a lancers. I used to get so excited when Len Evans finished tuning his violin, nodded to Miss Abbie Cole at the piano and began calling off: "Balance your partners . . . Up and down the center . . . Ladies' chain . . . All hands round . . . Forward and back . . . First and every other couple pass through!"

Reluctantly I would allow myself to be dragged away from the gay scene. I would clasp my mother's hand and stumble sleepily along the dark road home, sorry when I could no longer hear the strains of our two-piece orchestra.

"Oh, mother, wasn't it a lovely drama?" I would exclaim. "I think father was 'bout the best one in it, don't you?"

Of course mother agreed. Just as I was being tucked into bed I would murmur, "I'll be glad when I'm old enough so's I can stay way through a dance after the play."

"Big News"

—such to every American is the schedule of annual payments which Europe is expected to follow in refunding its war debt to America

Vital Facts Every Reader Should Know
In NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Paul Revere Tells His Own Story

Family Archives Furnish New Light on Patriot's Famous Ride to Lexington

ONE hundred and fifty-one years ago this week, Paul Revere clattered out of Boston on one of the most memorable rides in history. The story of the ride has been made imperishable by Longfellow's stirring poem. Here is the account of it given by Revere himself, found not long ago among the family archives. It is given verbatim:

Paul Revere, of Boston, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England: of Lawfull Age, doth testify and say, that I was sent for by Docr. Joseph Warren, of said Boston, on the evening of the 18th of April about 10 o'clock; when he desired me "to go to Lexington, and inform Mr. Samuel Adams and the Hon. John Hancock Esq. that there was a number of Soldiers, composed of Light troops, and Grenadiers, marching to the bottom of the Common, where was a number of Boats to receive them, it was supposed that they were going to Lexington by the way of Cambridge River, to take them (Messrs. Adams and Hancock) or go to Concord, to destroy the Colony Stores."

I proceeded immediately and was put across Charles River and landed near Charlestown Battery, went in town, and there got a Horse. While in Charlestown I was informed by Richd. Devens, Esqr. that he mett that evening, after Sun sett, Nine Officers of the Ministerial Army, mounted on good Horses, & Armed going towards Concord. I set off, it was then about 11 o'clock; the Moon shone bright.

I had got almost over Charlestown Common, towards Cambridge, when I saw two Officers on Horseback, standing under the shade of a Tree, in a narrow part of the roade. I was near enough to see their Holsters & Cockades. One of them started his horse towards me, the other up the road, as I supposed, to head me should I escape the first. I turned my horse short about and rid upon a full gallop for Mistick Road, he followed me about 300 yardes and finding he could not catch me returned. I proceeded to Lexington thro Mistick and alarmed Mr. Adams and Col. Hancock. After I had been there about half an hour Mr. Daws arrived, who came from Boston over the neck; we set off for Concord & were overtaken by a young gentn. named Prescot, who belonged to Concord, and was going home; when we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord, the other two stopped at a House to awake the man, I kept along. When I had got about 200 Yards ahead of them I saw two officers as before. I called to my company to come up, saying here was two of them (for I had told them what Mr. Devens told me and of my being stopped); in an instant I saw four of them, who rode up to me, with their pistols in their hands, and said, ——— ——— you stop, if you go an inch further you are a dead Man. Immeditly Mr. Prescott came up; we attempted to get thro them but they kept before us, and swore if we did not turn into that pasture they would blow our brains out, (they had placed themselves opposite to a pair of Barrs, and had taken the Barrs down) they forced us in, when we had got in Mr. Prescot said put on. He took to the left, I to the right towards a Wood, at the bottom of the pasture, intending when I gained that, to jump my Horse & run afoot; just as I reached it, out started six officers, siesed my bridle, put their pistols to my Breast, ordered me to dismount, which I did. One of them who appeared to have the command there, and much of a Gentleman, asked me where I came from; I told him, he asked what time I left it: I told him, he seemed surprised, and said, Sir, may I crave your name. I answered my name is Revere, what said he, Paul Revere; I answered yes; the others abused me much; but he told me not to be afraid, no one should hurt me. I told him they would miss their Aim. He said they should not, they were only waiting for some Deserters they expected down the Road. I told him I knew better I knew what they were after; that I had alarmed the country all the way up, that their Boats were catch'd aground, and I should have 500 men there soon; one of them said they had 1500 coming; he seemed surprised and rode off into the road and informed them who took me, they came down immeditly on a full gallop.

One of them (whom I since learned was Major Mitchel of the 5th Regt.) clapd his Pistol to my head and said he was going to ask me some questions, if I did not tell the truth, he would blow my brains out. I told him I esteemed myself a man of truth, that he had stopped me on the highway, & made me a pris-

Ewing Galloway, New York

Old North Church, Boston. From the tower of this church Paul Revere received the signal by lantern which bade him begin his famous ride of April 17, 1775.

oner, I knew not by what right; I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid. He then asked me the same questions that the other did, and many more, but was more particular; I gave him much the same answers; after he and two more had spoke together in a low voice he ordered me to mount my horse, they first searched me for pistols.

When I was mounted, the Major rode up to me & took the reins out of my hand and said by ——— Sir, you are not to ride with reins I assure you; and he gave them to an officer on my right to lead me. I asked him to let me have the reins & I would not run from him, he said he would not trust me; he then ordered 4 men out of the Bushes and to mount their horses; they were country men which they had stopped who were going home; then ordered us to march. He then came up to me and said: "We are now going towards your friends, and if you attempt to run or we are insulted, we will blow your Brains out." I told him he might do as he pleased. When we had got into the road they formed a circle and ordered the prisoners in the centre & to lead me in the front.

We rid towards Lexington a pretty smart pace; they very often insulted me calling me —— Rebel, etc., etc., The officer who led me said I was in a —— critical situation. I told him I was sensible of it. After we had got about a mile I was delivered to the Sergant to lead, who was

Ewing Galloway New York

Where Revere aroused Samuel Adams and John Hancock, at Lexington, on the night of April 17, 1775.

Ordered to take out his pistol and, if I run, to execute the Major's sentence;

When we got within about half a Mile of the Lexington Meeting house we heard a gun fired; the Major asked me what that was for, I told him to alarm the country; he then ordered the other four prisoners to dismount, they did, then one of the officers dismounted and cut the Bridles and Saddles off the Horses, & drove them away, and told the men they might go about their business; I asked the Major to dismiss me, he said he would carry me, lett the consequence be what they will; He then Ordered us to march; when we got within sight of the Meeting House, we heard a Volley of guns fired, as I supposed at the tavern, as an Alarm; the Major ordered us to halt.

He asked me how far it was to Cambridge and many more questions which I answered; he then asked the Sergant if his horse was tired, he said yes; he then Ordered him to take my horse; I dismounted, the Sergant mounted my horse; they cutt the Bridle & saddle off the Sergant's horse & they told me they should make use of my horse for the night and rode off towards Cambridge down the road. I then went to the house where I left Messrs. Adams and Hancock and told them what had happened; their friends advised them to go out of the way; I went with them about two miles a cross road; after resting myself, I sett off with another man to go back to the Tavern, to enquire the News whether the troops had come or were coming; we were told the troops were within two miles.

We went into the Tavern to get a Trunk of papers beloning to Col. Hancock; before we left the House I saw the Ministerial Troops from the Chamber window coming up the Road. We made haste & had to pass thru our Militia, who were on a green behind the Meeting house, to the number of 50 or 60. It was then Daylight. As I passed I heard the commanding officer say words to this purpose. "Lett the troops pass by & don't molest them without they begin first." I had to go a cross road but had not got half gun shot off, when the Ministerial Troops appeared in sight behind the Meeting House; they made a short halt, when a gun was fired. I heard the report, turned my head and saw the smoake in front of the Troops, they immeditly gave a great shout, ran a few paces and then the whole fired. I could first distinguish Iregular firing, which I suppose was the advance Guard, and then platoons. At the time I could not see our Militia, for they were covered from me by a house at the bottom of the Street. And further saith not.

(Signed) PAUL REVERE.

A Modern Mississippi College

THE Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, established under the Land Grant Act of 1862, is one of the most progressive agricultural institutions in the South. Its physical plant, at Starkville, Mississippi, consists of 4,300 acres of valuable farming land and nearly four score buildings. A half-hundred of these structures are residences for the college staff of approximately 65 professors, instructors and scientists. A Young Men's Christian Association building has been completed in recent years, and $1,000,000 expended on other buildings.

Instruction at the college is designed to develop the minds and interest of the students in knowledge of the sciences that underlie agriculture and the mechanical arts and to provide practical experience in these activities. The State Experiment Station, an adjunct of the college, annually carries on experiments which result in saving millions of dollars for Mississippi planters and farmers. Four large branch stations specialize in the investigation of soil and crop problems.

Through the most extensive and detailed investigations in the annals of animal husbandry, a type of mule ideally adapted to the climatic and farming conditions of the South has been evolved.

The college has boosted hog production by the introduction and popularization of purebred stock and by educating farmers to vaccinate all hogs against cholera. It has taught the farmers the value of diversification. It has demonstrated the need of fertilizing the soil and of maintaining livestock. It has shown the producers how to eradicate objectionable insect pests and how to improve the quality of grain. Briefly it has reshaped Mississippi farming.

The college is testing twenty different kinds of cotton to determine definitely which is best adapted to the different sections of the state. Its system of rotation and fertilization has increased the corn yield from 35 to 70 bushels an acre. Alfalfa fields planted at the college have yielded more than three tons of hay to the acre.

The cost of obtaining an education at Mississippi A. & M. is not high. One feature is that each student pays a small annual hospital fee. This entitles him to care and medical treatment at the university infirmary under the supervision of a resident physician and trained nurses. The students live in dormitories. No rental is charged for the rooms, but each student pays a small sum for steam heat, electric lights, laundry and maintenance of the dormitories.

Many boys work their way through the school. The extensive farm, herds and flocks that are maintained are looked after chiefly by the students. Special provisions in the way of night classes are made for those who work during the day. A number of graduates of the institution have won their sheepskins by working in the fields, barns or college buildings during the daytime and going to school at night.

Under the provisions of the Land Grant Act a military corps is established there. The president of the college is responsible for the government and management of the institution while the commandant, a regular army officer, has immediate control of the cadet corps.

"The trouble with most people," said ***The Philosopher,*** "is that they have no timetables in their lives. They don't know what they are going to do next summer or next year or fifteen years from now. Whether this is due to our having lost mastery of our own time, or because of an overexaggerated sense of the insecurity of life, doesn't matter —it's nonsense and worse. *You can do anything that is right if you want to,* in this world. And the chances are 99,999 in every 100,000 that what a person plans to do he or she can carry through if he or she wants to. It is surprising how few times one is stopped in the thing one real'y wants to do. It is when we are going nowhere in particular that things get tangled up for us. What are you going to build to next year and the next? What's your objective for the year 1941? When are you going to get your farm? When are you going to Europe? Make out a time-table of events and run on it. Until then, it will be powerless for words to make you realize the truth, which is, you can manage your life as you will."

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The Doctor came into The Office. It had been rather a hard day and he stretched himself along two chairs. Picking up the evening paper, he said, "Well, here is something that would have been impossible ten years ago—President Coolidge goes to bed with a cold. Ten years ago he would have been laughed at, the doctor that advised it would have been harassed with ridicule. Yet the best thing one can do with a cold is to take it to bed. I was sorry when the President fell for that gas cure for colds. We don't hear about it so much nowadays, do we? But common sense is coming fast. When you can get people to go to bed for a cold, it shows big improvement. We used to talk about 'wearing out a cold'; but bed is the best place for such an ailment nowadays. Perhaps you know that Dr. William Osler, considered in his day the greatest general medical man, always went to bed when he took the 'snuffles,' as he called them. No medicine for him! He rested. That shows how far ahead of his time he was. But, judging from this piece in the paper, the times are catching up."

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"One does not get so far away from home when traveling around the world as one once did," said the ***Globe Trotter*** as he dropped into The Office on his way to the other side of the world. "The reason is that so much of America has followed the sun. There are five things I will guarantee to procure in almost any corner of the world that is not uninhabited desert—five American commodities that have become truly universal—and they are Horlick's malted milk, Singer sewing machines, Standard oil, Ford automobiles and Remington typewriters. I am not speaking only of the settled countries, but everywhere! Anywhere in China, Persia, India! The extent to which American goods are used by the more civilized nations, of course, is well enough known. That was a rather amusing incident, the discovery by English officials that all the 'copy' for the 'Buy British Goods' campaign was written on American typewriters, wasn't it? And then they found that the Prince of Wales and the Cabinet officers all used American typewriters! When the question was asked in Parliament of a Cabinet officer 'why the government used American typewriters,' the answer was 'to do typewriting.' Of course, the usefulness of our articles is one great cause of their abundant use abroad, but another is the salesmanship of our people. They go out and sell their goods. Many European countries produce articles which Americans would be glad to purchase in large quantities, but Europe will not send salesmen to America. You find a hundred salesmen crossing the Atlantic eastward to one coming westward. It would not injure our own business in the least, and it would help Europe immensely, if we were considered a promising market for the better sort of European products."

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"Let them take a vote," said ***The Man from New York.*** "Let them take a vote, and find out once and for all where the people stand with reference to prohibition. For a long time I was against such a plan. It seemed outrageous to me that the United States should pass a law and then take a vote on it. They take all the vote that is necessary when a law is passed. Are we to inaugurate in this country a double system —vote to make a law, and then vote whether it is to be enforced? What was most outrageous of all was that public officials who were sworn to enforce the law should suggest, upon taking office, that a referendum be taken to see whether the people wanted the law enforced! Twenty years from now the intellectual gymnastics accompanying wet propaganda will be uproariously funny to read.

"But, inconsistent, illogical and illegal as it all is, I say let them take a vote, for if there is anything certain it is that the prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act would be established in authority by such a public mandate as this country has never seen before. A vote would be the end of the wet propaganda for a hundred years. I know what I'm talking about. It was the men who patronized the saloons who voted the saloons out of business before. And it is the men who patronize blind-pigs who will vote more drastic treatment for them if these men are ever again called to the polls on that question. Dry sentiment was always in the majority in America, and it is stronger now than ever before. If the wets don't believe it, let them take a real vote of all the country. And that doesn't mean a straw vote in the newspapers, either.

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The Man from Chicago was detailing some choice morsels from the criminal and political history of that city. "No murderer with from $40,000 to $60,000 need fear conviction there," he said; "that is about what it costs to be sure of your liberty.

"I am not in that class, but I had a little experience of my own which illustrates that legal processes are better known to the crook than to the honest man, and explains how the crook often slips through while the honest man bears the brunt. I was taken into court for speeding. I suppose I was going something like 32 miles an hour, which is not bad for Chicago. Just ahead of me in the court room was a man charged with driving while drunk. The officer explained that the man was so drunk that he (the officer) had to lift him from the car and lay him on a grassy lawn while his car was being extricated from its difficulty. And the man's appearance bore out the policeman's story. Two large aldermanic gentlemen then addressed the court in the culprit's behalf and the judge grunted, 'Five dollars and costs,' which meant about $7. I thought that was rather easy. It looked promising for me in my comparatively light offense. My case was called next and the judge read the charge—'The officer says you were going 35 miles an hour,' he said. 'Your Honor,' I said, 'I never dispute an officer's word. I probably was going a little faster than I should. If so, I am sorry. It is the first time.' Without looking up the judge said, 'Fifty dollars and costs.'

"That is the type of justice the ordinary citizen in court is likely to see, and it is not uplifting in its effect on the citizen's morale."

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The Man from Africa brought curious and little-known tales of that continent. "The natives," said he, "though stupid in many respects, are hard bargain drivers. They eat so much meat that salt is to them what candy is to us. They eat it in handfuls; and in certain parts hard salt is used for money. As they dicker, the money-holder takes frequent licks from his often dirty coinage, and never lets go until his purchase is safely in one hand. In time, of course, this currency actually disappears.

"Their food is largely meat, which they often eat raw. It makes no difference to them how the animal died. For example, the natives often raise chickens to sell to white men. The poor chickens are fed as little as possible to keep life, and when white men purchase them and give them an abundance of food, they often die from overeating. I had had this experience, and of course threw away the dead chickens. Immediately a native begged permission to take the birds. The explanation that they had died a natural death fell on deaf ears. The native simply came back with the retort that his chicken was no more dead than the one just beheaded by the cook.

"Another instance of similar reasoning: a native was commanded to put water in the radiator and gas in the tank of the auto. He reversed the order. To him a liquid was a liquid—for a'that.

"African graves are frequently decorated lavishly with liquor bottles. Such decorations are much coveted and are a supreme honor to the dead—for are they not the sign of civilization in Africa?"

There Is Nothing New Under the Sea

How Robert Fulton Demonstrated Submarines Over a Hundred Years Ago

By A. J. MONTGOMERY

ROBERT FULTON is acclaimed by the world as the man who applied steam to navigation and revolutionized trade and commerce; but how many know that this same genius actually designed and constructed a submarine and spent hours in her under the sea years before the *Clermont* made her first epochal voyage from New York to Albany?

Many persons think the submarine a modern engine of war, something very new and generally associated with the shock of the *Lusitania* and the World War. And yet the fact is that as early as 1801 Robert Fulton had demonstrated the practicability of under-sea craft and had outlined the uses to which they would be put with an accuracy more than prophetic.

The absorbing story of a submarine which folded her sails and plunged under sea, of a bomb for under-sea explosion, which had the prime characteristics of a torpedo, is told for the first time in a manuscript in the handwriting of Fulton which came recently into the possession of the Library of Congress. It belonged to his daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary, and is accompanied by an affidavit that attests its authenticity. The actual plans and designs of this first under-sea monster have been placed for safekeeping with the New Jersey Historical Society.

In perusing this manuscript the first thing that arrests the reader is the length of time—almost one hundred years—it took the world to catch up with genius. Perhaps it is accounted for by the reflection Fulton made at the conclusion of his manuscript and after France, Great Britain, and the United States had refused to take up his invention or to give him the aid necessary to put it into practical effect.

"Vulgar men," he said, "see only what is before their eyes. Men of science and of sense penetrate from principles to future and certain effects."

It is interesting to note that among the men whose aid Fulton sought were Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France; William Pitt, Prime Minister of England; and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

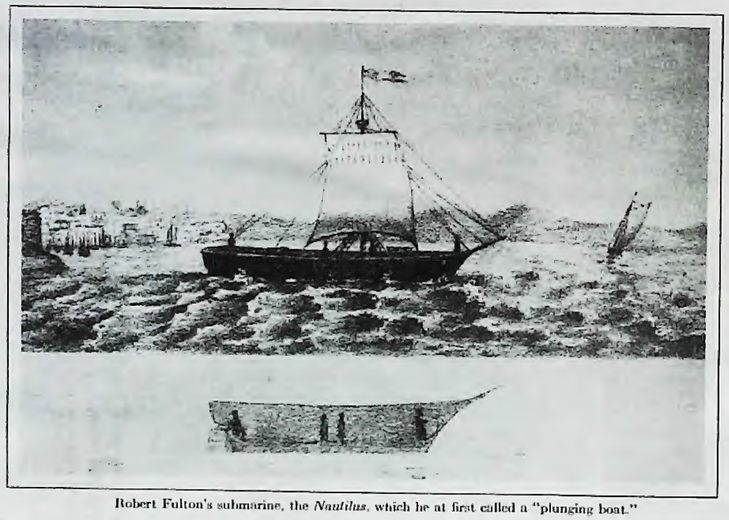
But to return to the manuscript. At the time when he dreamed of a "plunging boat," as he first called it, Fulton was living in Paris. He had spent several years in experiments and tests to establish to his own satisfaction that from the point of view of physics the construction of a submarine was feasible and practicable. He stated his scientific thesis under the following two heads:

"First, to navigate under water, which I soon discovered was within the limits of physics.

"Second, to find an easy mode of destroying a ship, which after some time I discovered might be done by the explosion of some pounds of gunpowder under her bottom.

"I made drawings and calculations," he continued, "and after two years was so well satisfied with my success and convinced that everything I contemplated might be performed that I wrote the Earl of Stanhope and gave him general ideas of my plans and experiments. His Lordship's mathematical mind soon opened to him the practicability and ultimate consequence of such a system. He felt alarmed and as we all know spoke of it in the House of Lords, which excited much public curiosity."

It was on July 3, 1801, that Fulton with three companions sailed his boat into the harbor of Brest and made the first plunge under the sea. He descended to five, ten, fifteen, and then to twenty-five feet. His boat had suffered from exposure and he was afraid she could not stand greater pressure. He remained below the surface one hour. Afterward he descended with candles but found that they consumed too much vital air. Before his next experiment he had made in the bow of the boat a small window of thick glass which gave him sufficient light for observation purposes in subsequent dives.



Robert Fulton's submarine, the *Nautilus*, which he at first called a "plunging boat."

By July 26 he was ready for further experiments, having in the interval greatly improved the machinery for propelling her under water and the lever for keeping the vessel steady at the desired depth. He had christened his strange craft the *Nautilus* and referred to her as a submarine, discarding the name "plunging boat."

Out into the harbor of Brest sailed the *Nautilus* carrying one mast, a mainsail, and a jib as jauntily as any fishing craft in these waters. After demonstrating that she could sail as well as any ordinary surface boat he struck her mast and sails. To do this and to get her ready to submerge required only two minutes.

After reaching a depth of fifteen feet he placed two men at the engine designed to propel her under water, one man at the helm, while he himself with the aid of a barometer and a lever kept her balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found that he needed only the use of one hand to keep her at any level he pleased. He started the engine and on coming to the surface found that he had traveled 500 yards. This experiment was repeated several days in succession until he became familiar with the operation of the engine and the movement of the boat. He satisfied himself that she was thoroughly obedient to her helm and that the magnetic needle held true.

There remained to be worked out the vital question of air supply. In less than two weeks Fulton had designed and constructed a copper globe of a cubic foot capacity. Into the globe he put two hundred atmospheres of compressed air, with provision to regulate the withdrawal of air from this reservoir as became necessary. It enabled Fulton and his companions in this Jules Verne episode to remain under water four hours and twenty minutes without feeling any inconveniences.

Satisfied with his experiments, Fulton proceeded to design a larger boat embodying improved features as to balances, underwater propulsion, compressed air, and lever control. When the plans were complete he offered to turn them over to the British Government for a period of fourteen years for the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. As outlined in the proposal to Great Britain, Fulton's vessel was to have the following properties:

"First, that a submarine vessel 30 feet long, 10 feet wide and 8 feet deep capable of containing six persons shall have the property of sailing like an ordinary fishing boat.

"Second, that her capacity, including her machinery, shall be sufficient to contain provisions for six persons to continue at sea for twenty days.

"Third, the six persons can enter such a vessel and plunge her under sea at pleasure.

"Fourth, that they can continue under water for three hours without renewing the air."

Provision was made in these plans for two tubes bearing a resemblance to a periscope, one for the intake of fresh air and one to let the foul air out. These were so placed and designed that the boat itself need not appear on the surface but could remain semi-submerged while the air compressors were replenished. This process could be accomplished in two minutes. In addition, she was capable of carrying twenty submarine bombs, each containing 200 pounds of powder.

It is a curious fact that it was in the effort to find an effective method of applying such bombs that Fulton groped toward the idea of a submarine vessel.

The British Government hesitated to accept the Fulton proposal but sent him an emissary with 800 guineas to pay his expenses to London for a series of conferences. The result was that in lieu of the 100,000 pounds Prime Minister Pitt offered him a retainer of 200 pounds a month and a royalty amounting to one-half the value of all the enemy ships destroyed by means of his invention.

Then a curious thing happened. A board of officers was appointed to make a report on the adoption of the patents. Naval jealousies of anything new prevailed and the board refused to sponsor his invention or to give him facilities to test it.

His manuscript with his own account of the discussions clearly discloses that at the bottom of Great Britain's refusal to accept the proposals was the fear that the smaller nations of Europe could use the invention sooner or later to challenge British Naval supremacy which at this time was thoroughly established.

"She is contrived," reads the manuscript, "to hide under the water where she may continue the whole day and approach the fleets and harbors of the enemy in the night, there anchor her cargo of submarine bombs under water or leave them to the tide or use them any other way which time and practice may point out and retire unperceived for another cargo and deposit it in like manner, in the mouths of rivers, in harbors or among the fleets at anchor, and thus place such numbers as would render it impossible to move through where the bombs were without the greatest danger of being blown up and totally destroyed.

"For putting the Government in full possession of all the combinations of the submarine vessel so that any engineer of good talent can make and navigate it, also for developing the combinations and explaining the modes of attack with them which experience will multiply and perfect, I require the sum of 100,000 pounds."

Such was the premium on one of the greatest naval inventions ever produced.

Aside from the account of the inventions one is amazed at the extraordinary sagacity that Fulton displayed as a naval strategist.

Warning the British Government of what might happen should France be in a position to convert the cost of her flotilla of battleships into submarines and bombs of instantaneous combustion, Fulton said:

"The Boulogne Flotilla has cost the French Government more than two billions of sterling for which 100,000 instantaneous bombs might have been made. With such a magazine at Boulogne or Calais and 100 good boats the enemy might each dark night throw some hundreds of bombs in the channels of the Thames, in the Downs, or along the coast, to the total destruction of British commerce and if her commerce is destroyed, what is the use of her marine?"

What is this but the essence of naval policy and naval strategy today?

When Cliff House Went Really Dry

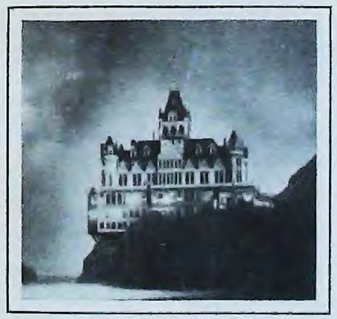
Once Famous San Francisco Resort Sees Changed Days

By HARRY H. DUNN

San Francisco's famous Cliff House as it is at present.

FOUR times destroyed by fire and rebuilt to greater glory each time, the Cliff House, looking out over the Pacific from the southern shore of the entrance to the Golden Gate, at last has succumbed to the Great Drouth. Once the center of the social life of San Francisco, famous as the most celebrated gathering place for *bon vivants* and epicureans on the Pacific Coast, it is closed against all comers. At least five generations of Californians, with a sprinkling of Middle-Westerners—who for one wild night were willing to pay more than fifty cents for a meal—have enjoyed the food prepared here by the most noted chefs of the Western World.

When prohibition became the law of the land, the Cliff House went really dry. For a time an attempt was made to "carry on" with the wonderful assortment of foods, marvelously prepared, which had made this resort known to gourmets all around the world. But it was soon found that the people who knew and appreciated good food would not dine where they could not have wine. The others merely ate to fill their stomachs, and for them the varied foods of the Cliff House were not prepared.



In the heyday of its glory.

Thus, the culinary standards of the beautiful house "built upon a rock" were maintained as long as possible. Then the building was turned over to one who for years had been the manager of the home of food and fun. He converted it into a coffee shop, and precariously maintained it on such plebeian foods as ham and eggs, hotcakes, coffee and sinkers—but, late in October, 1925, he began to realize that greatness cannot live on tradition. He had shocked the sensibilities of the epicureans of San Francisco—which, with New Orleans, shares the honor of being America's last gustatorial frontier—when he converted the center of western social life into a quick-lunch counter. Ham and eggs were not suitable successors to caviar, and coffee could not replace the Burgundies of long ago.

In the old days no distinguished visitor ever set foot within the "city that knows how" without including the Cliff House in his itinerary of entertainment. In those days, the pop of corks kept staccato time to the Wagnerian interludes played by the sea on the rocks below. Today, the passing of the Cliff House marks what may be the first step in the descent of San Francisco to the level of Los Angeles, the only city in the world where meals are eaten out of paper bags, and the art of dining has passed to join that of leisurely living.

According to the present owner, there will be no more coffee shops in the old Cliff House. Some day it may be restored to the center of the social life of gentlewomen and gentlemen—but that hope seems poorly founded, that time far distant, unless the Cliff House be removed to some one of the Spanish-American republics, where the art of living is still one of the prime factors in the business of life.

Loopholes of Law Which Enable Fruit Marauders to Defy Mantraps, Spring Guns, and the Farmer's Bulldog

By JOHN BARKER WAITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

LAW always lags a bit behind changes in social arrangements. It accepts ideas only after people have tested them and found them good; which is quite desirable if law is to serve as a social stabilizer. But this occasional difference between legal theories and social realities produces some peculiar situations, until adjustment takes place.

Consider, for instance, the stealing of apples.

Robert White owned a farm. His orchard was a joy to behold and a temptation to which many passing automobilists succumbed. The only fence White could reasonably afford was not difficult to get over, especially if one did not care how he damaged the fence. Indeed, automobile pliers would cut right through it. Most of the people who appropriated an apple or two, or a hatful, really thought that White would not mind, or at least that he would never miss the fruit. And he probably would not have felt the loss of what one man took, or two men, or three. But a hundred hatfuls of apples mean real money to a farmer. And a hundred trespassers climbing fences and breaking branches mean much more than the value of the fruit in damage done.

How to stop it was a real problem for White. Something drastic must be done; it was a question only of ways and means.

A few bear traps well inside the fence and a large notice to that effect would stop the loss. So would a truthful warning against spring guns, or the presence of a couple of vicious dogs. No one could be hurt except trespassers, duly notified to keep out.

The objection is, however, that a trespasser or even a downright thief is not an outlaw. A householder has no legal right to shoot a burglar merely because he is a burglar. Spring guns, traps, or even vicious dogs might bring upon White a flood of damage suits which would cost him the value of many years of apples. Indeed, the legislature has made the use of spring guns, though loaded only with rock salt, criminal. And anything else that is unconventional is quite as dangerous to the pocketbook of the landowner as to the body of a trespasser.

The precise application of the law in such cases is still uncertain because they do not often arise. As a general thing, many courts hold that one whose unlawful act has been the immediate cause of his injury cannot recover damages from one whose previous act caused a dangerous situation. This would indicate that a thief whose unlawful trespass caused him to set off a spring gun could not sue the landowner who set the gun. But all courts agree that an owner must pay damages even to a trespasser if he uses more force than necessary to eject the trespasser.

As no lawyer could give White more definite advice, he concluded to play safe and to rely on enforcing the criminal law against thieves.

But he had to catch a hare before he could jug it. An apple thief would have to be arrested before he could be prosecuted. Merely scaring off occasional trespassers would be useless as a protection, because it would have no effect on others. If thieves could not be kept out by fear of immediate injury they must be kept out through fear of the law. White's idea was to catch a thief red-handed and have him arrested and punished at once, with as much publicity as possible, as an example of what might happen to any thief. An excellent *theory*.

Merely to get a trespasser's auto license number and later have him arrested would be too slow, too complicated and too costly; especially if the thief were a citizen of another state, White would then have first to ascertain from that state to whom the license belonged. Then it would be necessary for him to go in person to some magistrate and swear to a complaint. But no prosecution could be started in Ohio, for instance, for a theft committed in Michigan. One state does not attempt to punish for crimes committed in another.

Even were the license a local one the matter would be impossibly complex. To learn the name of the person to whom it was issued might not take long. But what certainty would there be that the licensee of the car was the man who stole the apples? It might have been a rented car, or a borrowed one, or the owner's companion might have taken the fruit while the owner did nothing. It would never do for White to swear out a warrant for the arrest of a man who was innocent. The only safe thing would be for White to go wherever the car came from and investigate the real identity of the thief—if he could identify him—and then swear out the warrant—a matter of money, time, and energy that few men can afford to spend. And again the force of example would be wasted by delay.

The only practical method for White to protect himself was obviously to arrest some culprit right in the act and to push the prosecution vigorously.

This was the point to which matters had come when Joe Urbanski appeared on the scene. Joe was a shrewd and crooked soul with a constant eye to the main chance. As a business, he supplied hucksters with fruit and vegetables which he gathered up in the country. It was a profitable custom of his, since his legitimately purchased stuff made a good screen in case of trouble, to appropriate what unpaid-for fruit opportunity might offer. Because he was careless of fences and knew the habits of farmers, he found opportunity frequently, and his disreputable looking truck seldom carried an entirely lawful load. But he made the inevitable mistake of the crook when he tackled the White apples, because he did not know that desperation had driven White to keep watch.

He got considerable fruit before White saw him.

'Sure," he said, "I picked up a few from the ground, what I supposed was only going to rot. I'll put them back if you want." But White had seen him picking from the trees, and in the truck was evidence that he had gathered more than a few which had no sign of ground bruise. Merely to get them back would not serve White's purpose. Events happened fast, but in the main were afterward undisputed. White announced his intention of arresting Urbanski for the theft and started toward him. Urbanski drew a knife with which to defend himself from arrest. White picked up a club with which he broke Urbanski's knife hand, and the latter ran around his truck with the idea of getting in and away. The appearance of a motor policeman brought both actors to a halt.

Urbanski and the Law's Loopholes

White at once complained to the policeman and the latter put Urbanski under arrest for theft. Joe protested, but made no resistance, and it looked as though one common thief were scheduled to travel the road which the law lays out for thieves. He was duly taken before a magistrate; White left his work and swore to the complaint in person, as the law requires, and all was set for a trial.

But Urbanski fell into capable hands when he picked a lawyer to defend him—capable, that is, from Urbanski's point of view.

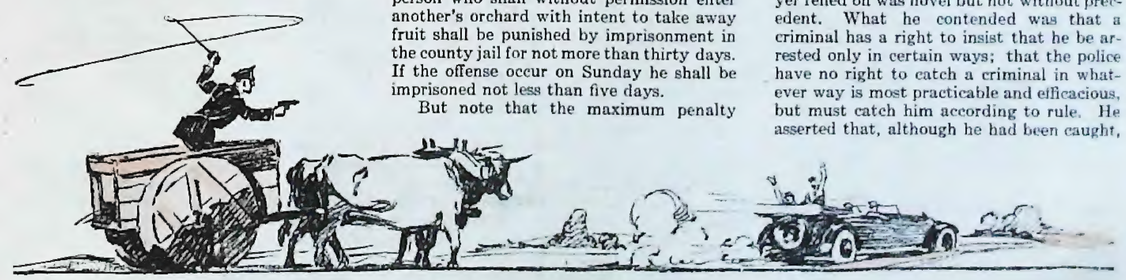
At his attorney's request the prosecution of the criminal case against Urbanski was delayed and before any progress had been made Urbanski had set up a counter offensive by starting suits against both White and the policeman who made the arrest.

Against White he charged assault and battery and asked $10,000 as compensation for White's attack on him and the injury to his hand. From the officer he demanded damages caused by an unlawful arrest.

When the criminal case of the People against Joe Urbanski, charged with larceny, came on for trial, Urbanski refused to plead to the arraignment and his attorney moved the court to dismiss the proceedings entirely and to discharge the defendant, on the ground that he had been illegally arrested and the court had no power whatsoever to put him on trial.

White's "practical" solution of the apple problem was not working so smoothly as might have been expected. Already he was beginning to wish he had never owned an orchard. Assuming that Urbanski's suit for damages was only blackmail and could not possibly succeed, White dared not let it go by default; he felt obliged to hire a lawyer, and it would not take much of a lawyer's time to eat up a whole orchard full of apples.

Moreover, there was no certainty that Urbanski would not be successful in his suit, both against White and against the officer. In fact there seemed no reason why Urbanski should not win; no reason why White should not have a big bill of damages to pay for his attempt to protect his orchard. His own attorney was emphatic in saying that his attempt to arrest Urbanski was an unlawful assault for which he would be liable, unless he had a legal right to make the arrest. Likewise, if the arrest were illegal, Urbanski had the right to use a knife if necessary to protect his liberty, and White's damage to his hand would have to be paid. The officer too was liable in damages if he had not authority to make the arrest. Within the past few months a Wisconsin jury had decided that a chief of police ought to pay $1,000 for having arrested a man outside of his own jurisdiction, and the Supreme Court held that the officer's good faith was no defense.



And neither White nor the officer apparently had any right whatever to make the arrest. Urbanski was sitting pretty as a result of his own wrongdoing.

Taking apples from a tree was not a crime at common law, that is to say, by the law of judicial precedent. Apples on the tree are real estate. And unlawfully taking real estate is in general not even now criminal. At common law Urbanski's act was a trespass, and as such unlawful, and White could have sued him for whatever actual damage resulted therefrom, but it was not a crime. Hence in the absence of legislation, neither White nor the officer nor anyone else had authority to arrest him. Just why trespass is not a crime is a matter of history. It was a sound enough rule originally and if it is no longer wise, the legislature has power to change it.

As to apples the legislature has changed it. The statute reads, in effect, that every person who shall without permission enter another's orchard with intent to take away fruit shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than thirty days. If the offense occur on Sunday he shall be imprisoned not less than five days.

But note that the maximum penalty which can be imposed is only thirty days in the county jail. The offense, therefore, is only a "misdemeanor," not a "felony." Felonies are those crimes which are punishable by death or imprisonment in the state penitentiary. Offenses which carry a lighter penalty are but misdemeanors.

The difference is vitally important in respect to the right of arrest. Anyone may arrest a felon on sight, whether he saw the felony committed or not; a warrant for the arrest is not necessary. The delay caused by getting a warrant would be too serious. But not so as to misdemeanors. So fearful are we of our individual liberties, so distrustful of the officials whom we choose by our own votes, that we stick to the old law requiring even an officer to show a warrant before he arrests for a misdemeanor, except in cases of breach of the peace. Conditions are different, but we have carefully kept the law the same. Officer or citizen making an arrest for a misdemeanor must be armed with a warrant, issued by a magistrate, naming or otherwise describing the person to be arrested.

No statute, however, gave either White or the officer any authority to arrest Urbanski for violation of this law against stealing apples. Since it was the statute only which made his act criminal, their power to arrest was limited by the statute, which gave no power.

All White had any right to do was to hurry in person to the nearest magistrate and ask for a warrant for Urbanski's arrest. The officer could not have done even that much. He could not have himself secured a warrant because he could not swear to personal knowledge of the facts. Only White could do that, though when the warrant had been duly issued the officer could have made the arrest by virtue of its authority—if Urbanski had been still within his jurisdiction.

Not only did Urbanski have White and the officer at his mercy, he was well set also to compel dismissal of the criminal charge against himself. The point his lawyer relied on was novel but not without precedent. What he contended was that a criminal has a right to insist that he be arrested only in certain ways; that the police have no right to catch a criminal in whatever way is most practicable and efficacious, but must catch him according to rule. He asserted that, although he had been caught,

he had not been properly caught and therefore could not be held. He had judicial sanction for his proposition.

But as things looked blackest for the Public, and for White in particular, Urbanski's hopes collapsed. Someone remembered his admission that he had taken *fallen* apples.

Now apples when severed from the tree cease to be real estate and are personal property even though lying on the ground. And at common law the theft of personal property such as apples was larceny, a felony. To be sure, larceny in this country is no longer punished by death nor even by imprisonment in the penitentiary if the value of the goods taken be less than $25. As what Urbanski had picked up was probably much less than that in value, his larceny was only a misdemeanor when considered in terms of punishment. But our courts have held, for some reason, that because all larceny was a felony at common law, it is still a felony so far as the right to arrest is concerned. For a felony one has the right to arrest without a warrant.

For stealing apples from the tree Urbanski could not be lawfully arrested without a warrant. For taking them from the ground he could be. Because he took fallen apples his cases against White and the officer broke down. Because he took fallen apples they could lawfully arrest him without warrant. Because White had the right to arrest him, Urbanski had no right to resist, and White's necessary use of the club was justified. The officer's arrest being for the common law felony of stealing fallen apples, instead of for the statutory crime of taking growing fruit, was lawful. Therefore the court had power to continue prosecution of Urbanski. All was well from the standpoint of public good. As the case turned out, Urbanski was likely to go to jail—unless he could get so many postponements that White would tire of coming to court to give his evidence—and White was safe, though not over happy about the prospect of protecting his orchard in future.

Literary Fakers and Their Fakes

(*Concluded from page 13*)

the consternation among the spectric folk was like that among the spiritualists when Eusapia Palladino was exposed, and Lombroso and his fellow scientist were shown to be very gullible gentlemen. Or it was like the hurrying and scurrying to cover of the sun-myth adherents when Whatley ridiculed the cult in 1819, with his brilliant historic doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte.

However, those who had charge of the public trumpets did not blazon and blast very lustily, and the hoax was soon forgotten, the quicker because of the World War. Indeed, it would seem that at least one anthology maker to this day is not aware of the fake character of the Morgan-Knish *Spectra* poems. At any rate, without a word of explanation he includes them among others designed to reveal the healthy "protest against the sentimentality, the chauvinism, and the blind reverence for institutions characteristic of the Victorian age."

The words are those of the editor himself, written apparently in glorious ignorance of the fact that his own reverence in at least two cases is directed toward a confessed hoax.

Herman Klingelhutz, of Minneapolis, filed suit for $10,000 damages against a vaudeville theater and an actress. He contended that the term "butter and egg man" is an insult to Minnesota and to butter and egg dealers in general. He charged that he "suffered in his reputation in that his morale, integrity, character and intelligence have been assailed and ridiculed." He said that he was acting as a representative for about 18 butter and egg dealers of Minneapolis. The complaint against the actress charges that in a song entitled "Butter and Eggs" she used "certain tones and gestures to convey that all dealers in butter and eggs were men of immoral and licentious character and thereby hold plaintiff and others similarly situated to hatred, contempt and ridicule."

Washburn, in the Boston *Transcript*, gives the picture of "high life" in Washington:

Recently an officer near the top of the enforcement department satirized the situation to a group who chortled their satisfaction and merriment. Why name him, for it should be principles first and persons last? He is an ardent participant in wet dinners. He told his hearers how to make their booze and where to buy it. He said: "I do not believe in sumptuary legislation," and that "the best way to repeal a bad law is not to enforce it." When one of his damp listeners hurried up with his congratulations, he concluded: "Well, we've had a hell of a good time, anyway." Pending which, some folks from the backwoods wonder why the law is not enforced. Many intellectual aristocrats say it cannot be enforced. It will not be enforced until sincere drys only are charged with the duty of enforcement. One-legged men do not go into track athletics, swimming teachers are not hired as gardeners, hyenas as attendants in day nurseries, neither does a church which sets out to save souls call an agnostic to the pulpit. No, Mr. Upshaw, in the words of Mr. Gardner: "You cannot always be wrong, this time you are right."

Monsignor Cassidy, of the Catholic Church at Fall River, Massachusetts, says:

"I shall stand as firm against the saloon as others are standing for it, and as a citizen of this great Republic, I claim the right to fight as hard in the maintenance of the Constitution as others are fighting for its alteration and dissolution. Intoxicating liquors are not an essential, and they are an evil. Others of my cloth and kind may tell you otherwise. I want you to know that as yet there is nothing in the Church's teachings or traditions or interpretation of Holy Scriptures—nothing to prevent you from standing for prohibition."

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an Associated Press dispatch printed broadcast over the country reads, "Jews say President Coolidge Made Them More Popular."

President Coolidge was termed a principal factor in the improvement of popular regard for Jews in the annual report of the American Jewish Committee, made public yesterday by Louis Marshall, president of the organization.

The committee was organized 20 years ago to safeguard the rights of the Jews and protect them against discrimination. Its membership consists of 14 national Jewish organizations.

The report asserted that it was gratifying to note that the President has "utterly demolished some of the most cherished of the pet notions of Ku Kluxism and Nordicism." The report referred to his address at the cornerstone laying of the National Jewish Center at Washington, and the American Legion convention at Omaha.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

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in Great Britain an attempt is to be made to restore the ancient traditions of the silversmith's craft, and to revive fine handwrought work in the precious metals in face of the opposing flood of machine-made wares.

So pressing has been the competition of spun and machine-produced work in gold and silver that the craftsman whose art reached its zenith in the magnificent creations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been crushed almost out of existence.

To prevent the craftsman from becoming quite extinct, the Goldsmiths' Company is inviting all interested in design in precious metals to submit drawings of specified articles of domestic plate—trays, coffee and tea sets, cigar boxes, and the like—to a committee of judges.

This competition also is meant to give a new stimulus to craftsmanship and to encourage the public to demand finer wares from the gold and silver workers. It may result in dispelling the stagnation at present overhanging the trade, lead to other competitions being organized, and result in that cooperation between retailers and artist-designers which has already been so satisfactorily established in other countries.

The competitors must be British, and their designs will be judged by the same committee that will examine the drawings for domestic plate. The Goldsmiths' Company will be glad to receive suggestions which may help on their ideals.

Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances

(*Continued from page 7*)

those whose manners and appearance are similar to their own and pleasing to themselves. This tendency unfits men for life in a democracy, where one must often work at a desk next to a man who spits all over his own shoes."

President Wilson's study in his home at Princeton, New Jersey.

Despite President Wilson's views in regard to the bequest, a majority of the faculty and trustees favored acceptance. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson did not hesitate an instant. He recommended rejection of the $500,000—an unheard-of thing among American colleges. He put it squarely up to the trustees that acceptance of the bequest meant his resignation as president of the university. And he won. The money was declined.

But fate had another test in store for Woodrow Wilson. A little later an alumnus of Princeton died, and when his will was probated it was found to contain a bequest of about $3,000,000 to Princeton University. The will stipulated that the money should be used for a graduate college separated from the main university —exactly what Mr. Wilson opposed. Again he made "one heap of all his winnings," but this time it looked as if he had lost. The board of trustees accepted the bequest in the face of Mr. Wilson's objections, and thereby made him Governor of New Jersey, which resulted in his election to the Presidency. If the trustees had declined the bequest, Mr. Wilson would have remained at Princeton and probably never have been President. He felt at the time the bequest was accepted that he had been "kicked out." If so, he was "kicked out" and up, and was again the winner as the result of his gamble.

Wilson Takes a Hand at Newark

A few years later, as Governor of New Jersey, with talk of the Presidency flying about his head, he again made one heap of all his winnings, and risked it on one turn of pitch and toss. The gamble was over the election of a United States Senator. For years "Jim" Smith, of Newark, former Senator and Democratic boss of the state, had aspired to go back to Washington, where, fifteen years before, Mr. Wilson believed he had misrepresented his state and his party. When Mr. Wilson accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor he had stipulated that he would not consent to Smith's election to the Senate. Furthermore, in the primaries of that year the New Jersey Democrats had endorsed James Martine for Senator.

When it was found that the Democrats had a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, Smith went after the plum. That was before Senators were elected by direct vote of the people. Public opinion, therefore, could only make itself felt by its pressure on the members of the legislature, who chose the Senators. Nevertheless, Governor Wilson put all his eggs in one basket and went to the political market. He took the stump against Smith's election, opening his campaign in Newark, Smith's home town. If the legislature went ahead and elected Smith, Wilson's influence as Governor and as leader of his party would be at an end, together with any presidential possibilities that might be in the offing. But he won. He aroused such a storm of protest against Smith's choice and such a strong demand for the election of the man endorsed in the primaries that Smith retired from the stage and was never heard from again. The incident instantly lifted Mr. Wilson to greater power and made him a national figure.

At about the same time another dramatic gamble was taken by the new Governor. Once more he made one heap of all his winnings. The Democratic members of the legislature assembled for a conference to make up the legislative program of the session beginning simultaneously with Mr. Wilson's term as Governor. To their surprise they found Mr. Wilson present. They were embarrassed. Here was something unprecedented. The passing of laws was the business of the legislators. The Governor was supposed to recommend legislation but throughout the history of the state he had stopped at that. The determination of the Governor's recommendations was exclusively the business of the legislative department, it was believed.

After a few minutes of indecision, one legislator objected to the Governor's presence at the conference. Discussion of the right and propriety of his participation was started. Mr. Wilson got to his feet, smiled amiably and began an explanation of his presence, without asking permission to do so and on the assumption that he was welcome.

"I have been made the leader of the Democratic party in New Jersey and the spokesman of the people of the state," he said, "and it is therefore proper that I should exercise leadership (if I am qualified to do so) in the determination of the Democratic program. You gentlemen are not responsible to the state at large, as I am. You are each responsible to a small legislative district. I am the only officer of the state for whom the whole state votes. I therefore not only represent the whole state but I am the person who will be held responsible by the state for what is done. If our legislative program is not right, I, rather than you, will be called to account." Mr. Wilson expounded his now famous theory of the responsibility of the executive, obtained its approval by the Democratic members of the legislature, and then brought from his pocket a memorandum of the laws which he believed should be passed. One was a direct primary law. One was a workingmen's compensation act. Another was a corrupt practices act. A third was an act giving cities power to adopt commission form of government. Others were "anti-trust" acts.

There was vigorous opposition in the state to every reform. Some of it was reflected in the Democratic conference. Numerous members raised objections. Mr. Wilson, however, "made one heap" of the whole program, stood on his feet before the conference for three hours and a half, explaining, debating, arguing, and appealing to his associates and, in the end, obtained the pledge of the members to put every measure through. The pledges were kept and the bills were passed. Defeat would have put an end to Mr. Wilson's political career. Again he gambled on the chance of winning, when nine out of ten other governors would have "played safe," as they supposed, by not risking their influence over the legislature.

Pledges Were Kept and Bills Passed

How completely Woodrow Wilson could suppress thought of himself, when his conscience demanded that he act, was illustrated in an incident that occurred several days before the Baltimore convention which nominated him for the Presidency.

It so happened that at the time in question, I was passing through the Pennsylvania depot in New York City with a friend on my way to a train going west. My friend, looking into the restaurant, observed

Woodrow Wilson and Dudley Field Malone sitting up at the lunch counter. We joined them there and learned that they were to be on the same train with us for a few miles, and when I inquired where they were going, the Governor said, with a laugh:

"Well isn't it the irony of fate that here on the very eve of the convention at Baltimore, a strike has occurred in one of our large industrial plants and I am compelled to go down to the plant and attempt to settle it!"

"But," I inquired, "why *must* you do this at this time? Suppose you fail or something serious or unforeseen occurs while you are there? Will it not jeopardize your interests in Baltimore? Is it necessary for you, as Governor, on your own initiative to intervene in this strike, under such circumstances?"

Settling a Strike at Short Notice

But he replied with some seriousness:

"If this strike is permitted to go on, it may break out into a conflagration that will result in loss of life. As Governor I feel it my duty to exercise all of my power and ingenuity to stop it, regardless of the consequences to me."

As we bade him goodby, he seemed in an unusually cheerful frame of mind, having regaled us with humorous stories during the entire trip and apparently not at all fearful of the chances he was taking.

On the following day it was announced through the press that the strike had been settled through his efforts.

Another dramatic crisis in his career arose over the Panama Canal tolls question. It was almost the first thing he had to face after he became President. Carried away by the plausibility of the phrase, "Free tolls for American ships," a previous Congress had passed an act, regulating tolls to be charged for the use of the canal, but stipulating that ships of American registry should pass through free. Congress, a lot of newspapers, and a number of so-called political leaders hugged themselves joyfully in the idea that they had benefited American shipping interests and American traders by giving them an advantage not enjoyed by their foreign rivals. The Democratic National Convention that nominated Mr. Wilson had been carried away by the same jingoism and had inserted a free tolls plank in the 1912 platform, on which Mr. Wilson had been elected.

The fact remained, however, that the act violated our treaty obligations to Great Britain, who, years before, had surrendered unquestioned prior rights on the Isthmus on the condition that, if the United States dug the canal, it should be open to the ships of all nations on terms of equality. Mr. Wilson always held a very high regard for treaty obligation, so he demanded repeal of the free tolls act, despite the Democratic platform.

When Wilson Was on the Panama Canal Act

It was the first test of his leadership, and a host of members and interests who had opposed his selection as President got busy to try to beat him. He made one heap of all his winnings and declared that he would follow the practice observed in Europe where, if the government is defeated in Parliament, it resigns. But again the "one turn of pitch and toss" was in his favor. He won by a big majority and became, therefore, stronger than ever.

Many of the chances which Mr. Wilson took involved not only moral but physical courage. It was one of the latter kind that occurred on May 12, 1914, on the occasion of the landing in New York City of the bodies of the sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz.

The times were unsettled. Many cranks were abroad, and the secret service men were anxious about the President's public appearances. Just a short time before, an attempt had been made to assassinate Mayor Mitchell, of New York.

When the plans were submitted to the President by Mr. Tumulty in the former's office, there were present some of the secret service men and Mr. Fitz-Woodrow, a cousin of the President. No provision had been made for Mr. Wilson to accompany the *cortege*. It had been planned to have the bodies disembarked from the ship at the Battery, from which place the procession would start. Thence it was to proceed to the City Hall, where Mayor Mitchell was to make a short address. He would join the President at that point and they would proceed across the bridge to the Marine Barracks at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Wilson heartily disliked to take part in parades. In campaign times it was difficult, if not impossible, to get him to do so. But the funeral procession was a different thing. He was the commander-in-chief of those dead boys. They had gone to Vera Cruz at his command and he was stricken with grief over their loss. Having risked their lives for their country, who was he that he should not stand by them in death, he argued.

Mr. Tumulty and the others present appealed to him not to expose himself. They told him that he would be an easy mark for any sharpshooter from any of the buildings along the line of the procession, or would be easily reached by a bomb. The President listened to them quietly until they had finished. Then he arose and said:

Taking Part in a New York Procession

"I am going to New York and I am going to ride in that procession, and I don't care what happens to me. When the people of the United States elected me President, they had the right to expect that they had chosen a man and not a coward."

All the plans for his taking part in the procession were kept so secret that there was great excitement when the word passed along the line that the President was coming from the Pennsylvania depot and would join the procession at the Battery. From the Battery to the City Hall and all along the way, he rode in an open car. After a short address by the Mayor, the *cortege* proceeded to the Marine Barracks where the President delivered one of the most moving addresses ever made by him.

The gravest gamble that Mr. Wilson ever took, except that on the League of Nations, was the armed ship controversy in the spring of 1916. It also involved the greatest risk to his political future. It was a case of staking everything "on one turn of pitch and toss." Incidentally, it was Mr. Wilson's way of meeting the deepest political intrigue of the many that were hatched against him during his ten years as Governor and President. The "politics" of the affair were carefully concealed, but may now be revealed with propriety. To those of us on the "inside" in those critical days, the political significance of the movements in that great struggle were of tremendous interest, but not an inkling of them ever leaked into the newspapers.

As a prelude to this story it may be appropriate to quote a confidential conversation that Mr. Wilson held with a friend when he was President-elect. The friend was traveling with him from Princeton to Trenton one morning and the two had been reading the morning newspapers. One paper had published an editorial, expressing grave doubt whether the secluded, scholarly college president, who had spent his life in books, would be able to cope with the adroit politicians when he went to Washington as the head of the Government.

"You know," said Governor Wilson, referring to the editorial, "it always makes me smile to read anything like that, and I always feel an impulse to sit down and write to the editor, explaining that I am not a fool but can take care of myself. Of course, that would be ridiculous, for nobody would believe it. I will have to demonstrate it before people will accept it. What nobody seems to realize, however, is that I have been in politics up to my neck for thirty years. I refer to college politics, which are so much more subtle and adroit than ordinary politics that they should not be mentioned the same day. In school politics you never know what the other fellow is going to do. He is continually surprising you and taking you unawares, because he has some brains, originality and initiative. In ordinary politics there is never anything new. The politician always does the same thing. You can count to an absolute certainty on his next move—and forestall it."

When War With Germany Was in Sight

Now to set the stage for Mr. Wilson's armed ship coup.

To get the point clearly one should let his mind go back to the spring of 1916, when the U-boat campaign of Germany was at its height and when German propaganda, as we afterward discovered, was being poured over the country by the ton. Germany was sinking merchant ships without warning, often "leaving no trace." International law and the custom of civilized countries for centuries had provided that merchant ships might be seized, but that crew and passengers must be given time and opportunity to save their lives. International law and custom also gave neutrals the right to travel on merchant ships of belligerents in safety.

Germany ignored these principles. President Wilson maintained them. It was over this issue that we finally went to war. In 1916, however, there was terrific pressure on President Wilson to abandon his position. Enormous effort was made to create a public sentiment in America that would force Mr. Wilson to back down. Von Bernstorff was still at Washington. As later revealed, to a shocked country, he was using his official position constantly and extensively against the President. In the spring of 1916, however, this was not known, and he was in good standing, even though unpopular in many circles.

Americans and Foreign Merchant Ships

The propaganda finally took a most plausible form. It was this:

Make Americans stay off English merchant ships. The idea caught on. Leaders in Congress, some of whom were friends, some secretly hostile to Mr. Wilson, made speeches arguing that Americans had no business sailing on British ships that might be sunk. If no Americans were on them, then no American rights would be violated if the ships were destroyed. Newspapers took up the cry and resolutions were introduced in Congress, stating it to be the sense of Congress that Americans should not sail on foreign merchant ships and forbidding the State Department to issue passports to any one booking passage on such vessels.

The cloakrooms of the Senate and House buzzed. There was all the appearance of a revolt against Wilson's leadership. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, a Democrat, wrote Mr. Wilson pleading with him to abandon his U-boat position. The chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs opposed his policy. The majority leader on the floor was in favor of the warning resolutions. The Speaker of the House of Representatives led a Democratic delegation to the White House, and with his own lips advised the President that he must yield. He declared the warning resolution would pass two to one if put to a vote. He advised Mr. Wilson to compromise rather than suffer defeat, and to issue a warning to the American people himself as President.

In reply Mr. Wilson said:

"I cannot consent to the abridgment of the rights of American citizens in any respect. The honor and self-respect of the nation are involved. We covet peace and shall preserve it at any cost save loss of honor. To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but an explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of mankind everywhere."

But the propaganda continued. Judging by the newspaper reports of the time, a great wave of sentiment for the McLenmore resolution (warning Americans off foreign ships) seemed to be rolling up from the country. It looked as if Mr. Wilson was about to meet his Waterloo, and his political opponents were jubilant.

Remember the date: February-March, 1916. A Democratic candidate for President was to be nominated in June. The Democratic platform of 1912 had pledged the party to the principle of a single presidential term. Mr. Wilson had been silent as the tomb as to a second term for himself. A sizeable army of leading Democrats in Congress still hoped to put Champ Clark in the White House. There were also a number of loyal Wilsonians who were in favor of the McLenmore resolution and who felt so keenly about it that they intended to vote for the resolution. It was openly boasted in the cloakrooms in those exciting days that the principle of warning Americans off foreign vessels would be made a plank in the Democratic platform.

Those who were intriguers against Mr. Wilson believed that this could be done, that the President would thereby be repudiated by his party and would either be defeated for renomination or would decline to be a candidate. When the joy of his opponents was at its height they received a neatly done up little bomb from the White House.

In such circumstances the average President would have called his Congressional friends into frantic counsel and appealed to them to make the usual fight against the resolution in Congress. All the tactics of obstruction, delay, debate, and parliamentary maneuver would have been resorted to. A long-drawn-out controversy, with uncertain result, would have followed.

Mr. Wilson did no such thing. He "made one heap of all his winnings and risked it on one turn of pitch and toss." He wrote a letter to Representative Pou, the acting chairman of the Rules Committee, asking a special rule to permit an immediate vote on the McLenmore resolution.

"The report," he wrote, "that there are divided counsels in Congress in regard to the foreign policy of the Government is being made industrious use of in foreign capitals. I believe that report to be false but as long as it is anywhere credited it cannot fail to do the greatest harm and expose the country to the most serious risks."

The country was electrified by Mr. Wilson's appeal and quickly made its feelings clear. The political intriguers who had thought to put the President in a hole sweated blood in the cloakrooms for five days, and then went onto the floor and voted against the resolution which was defeated 276 to 142.

Again he had counted not the cost. He had staked his all against a challenging fate and defeated it.

At St. Louis in June, Mr. Wilson was unanimously renominated by the Democratic National Convention.

Cooperation Saves Workers From Death

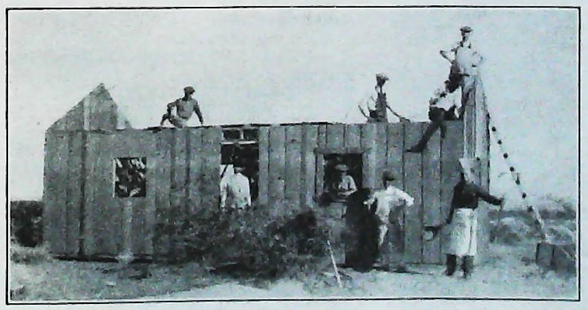
By ROBERT MORGAN

WITH the object of preserving the health of themselves and their fellow workers, employes of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Los Angeles, have formed an organized army to fight the Great White Plague—Tuberculosis—with general headquarters and first line trenches four thousand feet up in the air, at Victorville, on the California Desert.

Due to these efforts, and without outside aid, five men were returned from serious illness to full strength, during the first two years of the work. The organization is known as the "Lone Wolf Colony, Inc.," and is supported by the voluntary monthly contributions of the employes.

The plan of the colony is of interest, since it could be followed by the employes of other large corporations with probably the same admirable results which have been obtained here. At first, a board of directors was formed, composed of one man from each department of the telephone company, the employes in that department holding a regular election for that director. These directors obtained permission to organize a non-profit-taking corporation, named the Lone Wolf Colony, Incorporated.

"Lone Wolf Colony" in its second year.



"Duplex" in process of erection at "Lone Wolf."

The corporation then purchased ten acres of land near Victorville, having found it to be impossible to complete the homestead work on the 160 acres of government land assumed by the "Lone Wolf" whose recovery inaugurated the whole project. The cabin built for this one-time sick man, however, was removed to the new tract, and became the first building of the colony. Improvements were made in it, and almost as soon as it was completed, another worker, who was stricken with tuberculosis, moved in. Three others followed, two more buildings were completed, giving four individual rooms, and the little colony was full. While these men were there, the association helped to care for the families of those who had dependents, and paid for the support of the men themselves, so that, freed from financial worries, all these victims of the White Plague had to do was roam the desert as much as their strength permitted, and regain their health. A physician in Victorville was employed to give such consultation as was needed.

Though water is scarce, the soil on this colony is so fertile that the health-seeking men were able to make some headway with small gardens. With a water supply assured from a well, fruit trees of all kinds will be planted, larger gardens laid out, and the colony made to produce at least a part of the foodstuffs consumed.

Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance

(Concluded from page 2)

"Insolent," a Tory listener called it, but it carried the day, and the assembly started to make plans to equip militia.

In the churchyard of old St. John's, Elizabeth Arnold Poe lies buried. She was one of the stars playing in Richmond theater the season of 1811 when it was burned with the loss of almost a hundred lives, including the governor of the state. When Mrs. Poe fell ill at her lodgings on Main street and died, John Allan, a prominent merchant, adopted her pretty, wistful-eyed child of two.

Edgar Allan Poe passed his boyhood in Richmond, studying his lessons with his chum, Robert Stanard, and attending service in Memorial Church, built over the ruins of the theater. At 17 he entered the University of Virginia, where his career was brief, and soon he appeared on Richmond streets, too often dropping in at the Swan Tavern. Then he left the city and before long in the *Southern Literary Messenger* there appeared work of a higher order than that worthy paper had ever known. Poe was invited to become literary editor, and he returned to Richmond, a slim, black-coated figure, his girl wife clinging dutifully to his arm.

The *Messenger* building was long an object of interest, but a few years ago it was torn down and from its timbers and stone a loggia was constructed in the fairy-like gardens in the rear of the Old Stone House. This is now a Poe shrine, with an excellent collection of Poeana, including the poet's desk, and a landscape painted and signed by him, so wild in conception that it might be the setting for *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The Stone House is the oldest structure in Richmond. There is no record of its building, but the initials "I. R." would indicate that it is of King James' reign, which came to a close in 1688.

Nowhere else does the Civil War seem so real or so recent as in Richmond. Everywhere there are memorials of it. Most appealing of all is the Soldiers' Home, where the Confederate flag floats over the house, and the inmates, clad in gray, proud of their cross of honor, live over again their battle days or delightedly show visitors about their tiny museum in which "Old Sorrel," General Jackson's horse, presides like a tutelary god, from his enormous glass case.

Adjoining the Confederate Home is Battle Abbey, a beautiful marble building set in splendid grounds. One part of the edifice is adorned by mural paintings by Charles Hoffbauer, the French artist. His work was interrupted by the World War and, with the new conception gained in those fiery years, he scraped out what he had done and started anew. The four walls have for a background the seasons and depict Confederate heroes, Lee with his staff, "Stonewall" Jackson, and dashing, gay-hearted "Jeb" Stuart, with his plumed hat.

In contrast with the grandeur of Battle Abbey is the site of Libby Prison, down in the tobacco district. The prison itself was a warehouse and received its name from the sign which was not removed when the building was hastily requisitioned. One of the most remarkable incidents of the war was the tunneling out of a hundred officers who made good their escape. Nature has left a mark to show the horrors of prison life. The overflow from Libby were detained on Belle Isle, an absolutely barren island in the James River, with water forever trickling among its slimy rocks. It is not hard to fancy how dreadful a camp must have been in such a place.

Overlooking Belle Isle is the Confederate cemetery, Hollywood, so named from the many holly trees that grow in it. Here lie buried 18,000 Confederate soldiers, for the most part in unmarked graves. But the women of the Confederacy have erected for them a pyramid of rough granite, laid without sand or mortar, 45 feet square at the base and 90 feet high. It is said that a sailor convict climbed up to set the capstone and then received his freedom. On Presidents' Hill, Monroe and Tyler are buried, and close by is the lot of Jefferson Davis, pathetic with the tomb of his son killed by a fall from the balcony of his Richmond home, and an angel figure over the grave of Winnie, "daughter of the Confederacy."

There is another cemetery on Shockhoe Hill where older Richmond worthies are buried. Here lies Peter Francisco, that doughty fighter of the Revolution who wielded a sword the blade of which was five feet long and who could shoulder a 1,100-pound cannon. Miss Van Lew, the Federal spy, is buried here beneath a tomb of Roxbury pudding-stone. During the war she passed for an eccentric old lady, fond of visiting the prisons and hospitals and making friends with the officers, but later it was learned that she was in communication with the Government, even with President Lincoln himself.

Fortunately the flames which swept the city when the Confederates set fire to their warehouses lest they fall into Northern hands spared many of the old houses. There is Masonic Hall, built in 1785, and there is the White House of the Confederacy, the war-time residence of Jefferson Davis, now a Confederate museum with one room devoted to each of the fourteen seceding states. General Lee is, of course, the dominant figure. In a glass case are carefully preserved many of his personal effects, his "best" uniform in which he surrendered, and a lock from the mane of his horse, "Traveller."

Lee's residence on East Franklin street is a plain, three-story house. Here he retired after the surrender at Appomattox amid the cheers of the soldiers in blue who held the city. The house is now the headquarters of the Virginia Historical Society and contains a rare collection of papers and portraits for which a safer home is being prepared.

The Priory in Warwick, England, built about 1565, is being demolished stone by stone and will be brought to Richmond and set up in the form of Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. One of Richmond's citizens, Alexander W. Weddell, consul at Mexico City, is thus adding to the beauty and interest of his city.

And it is still "cheerful Richmond," if not so lively as when Thackeray called it "the merriest city in America." It is preeminently Anglo-Saxon with no foreign quarter, although there is tumble-down picturesqueness in the Negro section to contrast with the rows of handsome bank buildings and pleasant avenues shaded by linden trees.

The provision stores have a cheery, festive look, with legs of lamb decorated with lacy carvings, and hams wrapped in colored paper in the place of honor. The fame of the Virginia ham is truly ancient. Colonel William Byrd I, father of the "Black Swan," left a recipe to "eat ye ham in its perfection" on the flyleaf of his Bible, and Richmond cooks have not suffered the art to wane.

The literary traditions enhanced by Poe, but established before his time, continue to flourish. Richmond was home to Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Johnston wrote there, and James Branch Cabell lives in Dumbarton Lodge, in the suburbs. Within the city, Ellen Glasgow, Amélie Rives, Mary Newton Stanard, Kate Langley Bosher, Sally Robbins, and Armistead Gordon, make a notable coterie.

How the Indians Made Sugar

By MRS. PAUL W. EVANS

Thomas Conant, a writer of four decades ago, discovered how the Jesuit Fathers learned the art of sugar-making from the Indians. There was the annual tapping of the sugar-maple, although the Indians did not have iron kettles for boiling the sap. It was a curious question how they did manage to boil down the juice without a kettle.

They tapped the trees with their tomahawks and inserted a spile to conduct the juice from the tree to a vessel underneath. This spile was simply a piece of dry pine or cedar wood, grooved on its upper side. The process was indeed crude, yet they succeeded in producing a considerable quantity of sugar.

Their buckets were made by taking a roll of birch bark, and sewing up the ends with deer sinews or roots. No doubt the sap caught in such vessels was as sweet as that gathered in our own bright tin pails. The sap was carried from the trees to the boiling place, where there was a large cauldron made of sheets of birch bark. Beside this cauldron a fire was built, in which was placed a lot of stones. As soon as these stones were heated to a red heat, they were dropped into the birchen cauldron. As the stones were cooled they were taken out and hot ones were put in. By repeating this process, slow as it was, the sap finally boiled. The boiling was continued until the sap was boiled down and sugar was the result.

Thus sugar was made without the aid of a kettle. Mr. Conant seemed to foresee doubt in some minds, and assures us that his forefathers who came to his province in Canada handed down in family tradition the story of the Indian method of making sugar. Indeed they were eyewitnesses themselves. When settlers came, the Indians learned a better way, and traded their furs for iron kettles and began making sugar much as the white man makes it today.

Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed

An Elm Tree After Being Six Years Planted Grows Thirty-Five Feet Tall

By H. R. MOSNAT

A SHADE tree that is of very rapid growth and at the same time a permanent tree is a consummation that has been achieved by George Klehm, a wholesale nurseryman who operates several hundred acres of nursery about thirty miles from Chicago. But he put in at least a dozen years of work on the problem. The shade tree he has made so fast-growing is the most popular of all street trees, the elm. Besides being of more rapid growth than such short-lived and unsatisfactory trees as willow, box elder, soft maple, cottonwood and others, these elm trees are propagated by vegetative process and are almost exactly alike, which is impossible with seedling elm trees, because, as John Burroughs so beautifully says in one of his last essays, "Trees are rooted men and men are walking trees."

Those who hate to use the ax on trees that are dear to them can now escape that pang, because with this new race of elm trees no filler trees are needed, as these trees will grow in six years to about eight inches in diameter of trunk and a height of thirty-five to forty feet.

This remarkable growth has been made near Chicago on just ordinary soil and without any special care or cultivation. There are blocks of these new elms along the streets of the small town where Mr. Klehm lives, and these trees are as alike as peas in a pod. The contrast with the seedling elm trees just across the street which were planted the same week, under the same conditions, is so striking as to seem impossible. The seedling trees are hardly an inch in diameter and maybe six feet tall, and their trunks are crooked while no two are alike. On the other hand, the new elms are about eight inches in diameter at the trunk, and about forty feet tall. There are solid blocks lined with both seedling elms and the new elms, which Mr. Klehm calls the "Vase" type.

Elms have been growing in this country for a long time. They belong to the more ancient types of plants that have inconspicuous flowers, and do not depend upon insects to carry the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower and from tree to tree. These trees were growing before there were any insects in the world.

The new race of elm trees are bench-grafted on piece roots, waxed and put in a cellar to callus, and are in the spring set in nursery rows just as seedling trees would be from the seed bed. The work of grafting is done late in the winter or very early in the spring, in the greenhouse or other suitable place. Roots of seedling elm trees about the size of a lead pencil are used in about six-inch pieces, one end of which is split and a cion, or piece of the selected parent elm tree, a couple inches long, is trimmed to a wedge shape, inserted into the root piece and waxed with ordinary paraffin just hot enough to make it melt, and not to scald the root and cion.

Formerly the union was wrapped or tied with string, but with careful handling, it has been learned that waxing is sufficient and a great saving of labor. The process of callusing takes place in a cool, dark cellar and requires several weeks. By the time it is accomplished, the season has advanced to a time when the grafts can be set in the field. The process of grafting elm trees is the same as that used to graft apple, peach, pear and other fruit trees.

Mr. Klehm loves to experiment. He was the first nurseryman to put peony blooms in cold storage, and has done many other interesting things in floriculture and horticulture, in addition to producing this very rapid-growing and almost perfect type of elm tree, *Ulmus americana*, which comes absolutely uniform and true, with trunks as straight as columns, making it a tree long desired for street planting. With these grafted elm trees, instead of only about ten per cent being good enough to sell, there are less than ten per cent culls.

Some Other Work With Elm Trees

Some of Mr. Klehm's other original work is also with elm trees. He has another type of elm tree that he is propagating by grafting, and he calls this the Moline type, as the parent tree was found in a swamp along the Mississippi River near Moline, Illinois. This tree at first glance looks more like a poplar tree than an elm, as it has a single, central trunk to the tip of the tree, instead of a number of arching branches, as with the "Vase" type of *Ulmus americana*. In this way the greatest fault of the "Vase" type is avoided: the possibility of the splitting of the trunk where the branches divide.

A good example of pruned Globe-headed elm tree used as a yard tree and so grafted high.

Mr. Klehm salutes his masterpiece, the Moline type elm tree, six years planted and about thirty-five feet tall.

Mr. Klehm stands six feet tall behind this six-year old seedling elm with crooked trunk.

The Moline type elm is also a very rapid growing tree, with smooth, tight bark unlike an ordinary elm. The leaves are very large, often being more than six inches long by four inches broad, and very dark green, glossy, thick and free from aphis and other insect pests.

Another of Mr. Klehm's productions is the Globe-headed elm, which is long-lived and perfectly hardy in Northern Illinois. This has a dense top, and can easily be pruned to any desired shape. It is something new in ornamental trees, although Mr. Klehm has known of it for a quarter of a century. This tree is produced by the use of a trunk of the European elm, *Ulmus campestris*, which is a slow grower in this country, and has no doubt a dwarfing influence on the top, which is a cion grafted as high or low on the English elm trunk as desired. If grafted at the ground, Mr. Klehm believes that this elm would make a very fine hedge, and he is experimenting with that idea now. The Globe-headed elm can also be planted in a tub so as to be movable and be used as an indoor ornament if desired.

The Moline is a very distinct form of elm, and exceedingly rare. As far as known, this elm has not yet been identified by botanists. Possibly it is similar to the Cornish elm, *Ulmus nilens*, variety *stricta*, a beautiful tree and the common elm of Cornwall and parts of Devonshire, England, which at its best is a tree eighty feet tall and fifteen feet in girth of trunk.

It is an inspiring sight to see block after block of these grafted elm shade trees in the parking of streets, with each tree alike. This result can be accomplished only by means of grafting from very carefully chosen parent trees.

On one occasion a very fine "Vase" type street elm, about twenty years old, a rapid grower, with fine, tight, smooth bark, good form as to branches; excellent large, healthy foliage of deep green color, was chosen as a parent tree, and a few hundred trees grafted from it. It is true that there was a slight kink in the trunk of that fine elm tree, but it was not supposed that this would make any difference, and it was expected that the young trees would have straight trunks. But when the little trees grew, every one of them had that same kink in their trunk, inherited unexpectedly from the parent tree, a fatal defect for a strictly ornamental tree, such as an elm, whose trunk is most important, and should be straight as a rule and true as a die. So this otherwise most excellent tree, which had every other desirable feature for an almost perfect "Vase" type elm tree, had to be discarded.

A Dance a Week

Concluding Last Three Figures of The Lancers

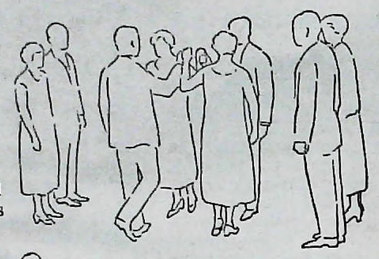


FIGURE THREE

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four forward and back ..... 4 bars

Forward again and address.....4 bars

First four walk forward four steps, all bow to each other. The music is retarded at this time. They return to place, walking backward

Two ladies chain....8 bars

Ladies cross to opposite places giving the right hands as they pass each other, and the left hands to the opposite gentlemen, turning once around. Give right hand back, left hand to partner and turn in place.

Sides repeat. Play twice.

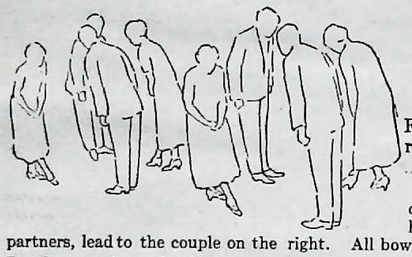


FIGURE FOUR

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four lead right, address ..... 4 bars

The first two couples join hands with own partners, lead to the couple on the right. All bow and curtsey.

Lead around to the left, address..... 4 bars

The same couples turn and lead to the couple on the left side. All bow and curtsey.

Lead partner to place, and address.... 4 bars

Continue to original place, and bow to each other.

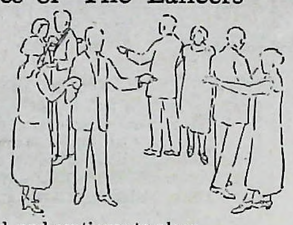
First four right and left ..... 8 bars

Couples cross over, ladies inside; gentleman in passing touches lady's right hand. When in other couple's place, gentleman takes partner's left hand in his left, turns half around, and repeat back to place. Sides repeat. Play twice.

FIGURE FIVE

Before the music begins, call ADDRESS PARTNERS. A chord will be given by the orchestra. Then call, GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT. The movement and music starting together.

Grand right and left..... 16 bars



All face partners, salute, give right hand to partner, gentlemen moving right, ladies left. Gentleman drops his partner's hand, moves forward and takes next lady's left hand in his left, next with right, etc. When half around he meets and salutes his partner, gives her his right hand, and continues to place.

Head couple promenade inside, and face out ..... 4 bars

Head couple cross both hands, promenade eight steps inside the set; return to place, and face out. Lady on right side of partner.

Side four in line..... 4 bars

No. 1 couple has already faced out, No. 3 is next to move in line back of No. 1. No. 4 now moves in place. No. 2 is already in line. Two lines are now formed, ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other.

All chasse..... 8 bars

Ladies pass in front of their partners, slide four steps with left foot to the left side, step forward with left foot, and step back with the right. Gentleman executes same with right foot, slide to right side four steps, and step forward on right foot, and back on left. All return to place in same manner, ending with the forward and backward steps.

March 8 bars

Ladies right, gentlemen left. Both lines turn and march to the foot of the set, pass each other, continue on to the head, the ladies passing inside the line of gentlemen. All have now changed sides.

LANCERS

Forward all and back..... 8 bars

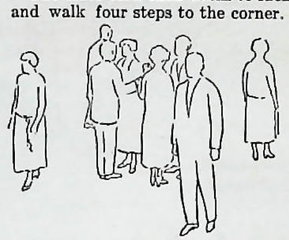
Both lines turn, face each other. Gentlemen join hands in their line, the ladies the same in theirs. All then move forward four steps, back four steps, forward again and turn partners to place.

Repeat all from the beginning, the next couple on the side facing out.

THE GRAND SQUARE

First four forward, sides separate..... 8 bars

The sides turn their backs to each other, and walk four steps to the corner. Each make one-fourth turn, and walk four steps to the head places. Make one-fourth turn, and walk to center, meet own partner, walk four steps to place. At the same time the first four advance to the center four steps, meet new partner, turn one-quarter to the left and walk four steps to the side, drop hands and walk four steps forward, turn one-quarter and walk four steps to place. (A complete square in 16 steps, four steps on each side of the square.)



Sides forward, first four separate ..... 8 bars

The movement is reversed, the side moving forward and the first four turning back to back.

The third couple promenade inside, and face out..... 8 bars

All chasse ..... 8 bars March ..... 8 bars

All forward and back, turn to place ..... 8 bars

The grand square, sides forward, first four separate ..... 8 bars

First four forward, sides separate..... 8 bars

The last couple face out, others join in line ..... 8 bars

All chasse ..... 8 bars March ..... 8 bars

Forward all and back, turn partners ..... 8 bars

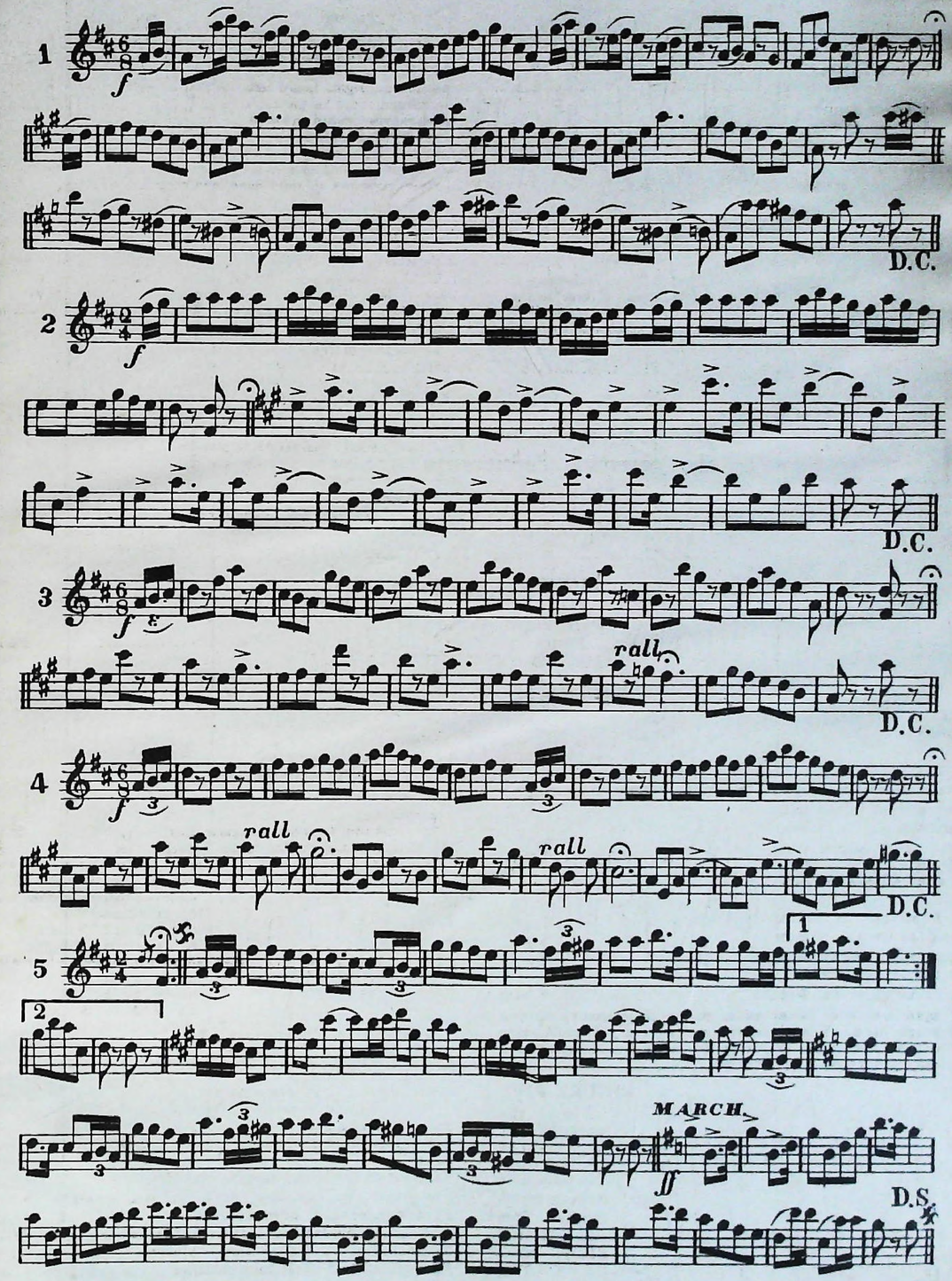
All join hands, forward and back, forward again and address..... 8 bars

Promenade to seats ..... 8 bars

LANCERS "ORIENTAL"

First Violin

E. T. Root & Son, Chicago.



WESTFIELD
WISC

I ESTIMATE the gift of the governing faculty to be God's greatest gift to the Anglo-Saxon, and in the constitution of the United States, with its diversion of powers, its limitations upon the governing departments and its sublime reservations in the interests of individual liberty, I see the highest achievement of that most rare faculty.

I have no argument to make, here or anywhere, against territorial expansion, but I do not, as some do, look to expansion as the safest or more attractive avenue of national development.

—*Benjamin Harrison.*